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PLANETARY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE relations of the sun and planets towards each other, and the harmony with which they combine in many respects to form a system, are points which astronomers have scarcely presented to general notice in a sufficiently prominent manner. These relations, in reality, of so important a kind, that no single planet can be regarded as an independent sphere, but must be reckoned as only portions of a whole. This system, as is generally known, consists of the sun in the centre, eleven primary planets moving round it, and eighteen secondary planets or satellites moving round certain of the primaries, together with an unknown number of comets. Now, the first and most striking circumstance respecting these bodies, is, that the rotatory motions of all on their respective axes, and the revolutionary motions of all the planets round the sun, and of all the satellites round their primaries, are in one direction, namely, from west to east. Not one of them has a motion contrary to that which prevails amongst the rest: even the rings of Saturn, which are analogous to nothing else in the system, move in this direction. If chance had been the cause of this uniformity of motions, it would have been a wonder beyond all belief; for, respecting only three of the motions, all that were ascertained twenty years ago, it has been calculated that there were millions of millions to one against the probability of their all accidentally taking the same direction—a chance so small as to make the occurrence just barely possible. Another remarkable general feature in the solar system is, that the planets revolve round the sun nearly one plane, or upon one level; and that this one or level corresponds with the rotatory motion of the sun on its axis—as if the sun were a top spinning round the centre of a table, and the planets so many smaller tops spinning round it on the same table, at different distances. Some of the planets, it is true, are higher above and sink more below this general level than others; but these risings and sinkings are very slight in extent, while all the orbits intersect each other nearly in the same point, forming a common centre of gravity to the system. Now, it is conceivable that the planets, instead of assuming one plane for their motions, might have each taken a different plane, so that some should have wheeled directly over the top of the sun, some obliquely round its side, and others in all imaginable directions. If chance alone had directed their movements, such, in probability, would have been the case: for it is as likely that all should have happened to come into one plane, as that all should have happened to spin round revolve in the same way. Here, also, then, it may be assumed that some principle or general cause has been in operation, with the design of producing uniformity on nearly one plane.

The planets are very unequal in respect of size; but this inequality there is a progression to a certain degree regular. Excluding from view the four very small planets or asteroids, placed between Mars and Jupiter, which are conjectured to have originally been the mass, the smallest, Mercury, is nearest the sun, while three, which greatly exceed the rest in bulk, are at the extremity of the system. If we consider them with reference to their density or gravity, we find, with one dubious exception, a perfectly regular progression. Mercury is nearly as heavy as lead, or its density is double that of the Earth, while Jupiter is less than the weight of water, and Saturn nearly as light as cork—so that while, on the

first of these planets, a native of Earth would scarcely be able to drag one foot after another for the strong power pulling him to the ground, he could, on the last, leap sixty feet high, as easily as he could here leap a yard.* Between the times respectively required by the planets for their revolutions, and their various distances from the sun, there is likewise an exact relation, as made manifest by a calculation of the illustrious Kepler. Take Mercury, for instance, with its revolution of 88 days, and the Earth with its year of 365 days. The proportion of these periods is as 1 to a little more than 4. Now, the respective distances of these two planets are as 1 to about 2½; and we might presume, if we went no further, that this is a difference not to be reconciled with any kind of proportion. Kepler, however, discovered that, when a medium was struck between the simple proportion of the distances and that of their squares, an exact and uniform relation existed!† Some may perhaps find a difficulty in understanding the nature of this calculation; but its ingenuity and its results form one of the highest boasts of astronomical science. "When we contemplate," says Sir John Herschel, "the constituents of the planetary system from the point of view which this relation affords us, it is no longer mere analogy which strikes us—no longer a general resemblance among them, as individuals independent of each other, and circulating about the sun, each according to its own peculiar nature, and connected with it by its own peculiar tie. The resemblance is now perceived to be a true family likeness; they are bound up in one chain—interwoven in one web of mutual relation and harmonious agreement—subjected to one pervading influence, which extends from the centre to the farthest limits of that great system, of which all of them, the earth included, must henceforth be regarded as members."‡

In the complex laws by which the motions of the planets are regulated, if the generality of our readers could be expected to follow us in an exposition of them, there might be shown still more significant proofs of a mutual dependence amongst these bodies. From all the circumstances proving this mutual dependence, the question naturally arises—are the planets all of the same constituent materials? It has been already seen that they are of very different densities, that some are many times more compact, and solid, and heavy, than others. This, however, is no argument against their being composed of the same ingredients; for it is well known, that, under certain circumstances, easily supposable, the matter of our own planet could be condensed to equal that of Mercury, or expanded to that of Saturn. The materials may be the same, however different their various conditions in various planets.

In some of the late inquiries into the nature of the stones which occasionally fall upon the earth, and are called meteorites, we find something like a step towards the conclusion, that the solar system knows but one class of materials. All notion of a terrestrial origin for meteorites is now given up, and Berzelius, the great Swedish chemist, is of opinion that the larger proportion are projected from the moon, while others may be portions of the mass which constituted the asteroids between Mars and Jupiter. From what

* The supposed exception of Uranus, which is said to be heavier than Saturn, will probably be disproved by future and more accurate examination.

† In other and more philosophical words, the squares of the times of revolution are as the cubes of the mean distances from the sun.

‡ A Treatise on Astronomy. By Sir John F. W. Herschel, 1833.

ever part of the planetary system they come, they present, when subjected to chemical analysis, substances all of which, except one, are familiar as component parts of the earth. Magnesia, it is true, the predominating substance in the meteorites, is one found in small proportions on earth, while silica, the predominating material of the earth, is in small proportions in the meteorites. But it was not to be expected that these bodies, which seldom weigh more than three hundred-weight, should correspond, in the proportions of their component parts, with what we know of the crust of the earth. This and other peculiarities of proportion may be, and very probably are, the result of some peculiar condition or arrangement of matter, in the native region of the meteorites. When we further reflect that the number of the known elementary substances of the earth is constantly receiving additions, we can have little difficulty in surmising that the one unknown ingredient of the meteorites may yet be discovered on our own sphere. In the grand fact, then, that certain other and distant portions of the planetary system are composed of substances which also go to the composition of the Earth, we appear to have a powerful reason for assuming, that, within the bounds at least of the orbit of Uranus, all matter is of one character.

Buffon, many years ago, was induced, by a consideration of the laws which bind the planets into one system, to surmise that they had originally formed part of the sun, from which they were disengaged and sent forth on their revolutions by the influence of comets. The disengaging cause assigned by the philosopher brought ridicule upon a hypothesis which, in the very outset, seems a natural inference from the whole economy of the planets, as parts of a system depending on the sun—as subordinate to him in size, supported by his attraction, wheeling around him at distances and at rates of speed which could only result from a law affecting the whole system, and as separated by a vast distance from all the other spheres which fill the realms of space. Some of the discoveries of the late Sir William Herschel, in regions beyond the solar system, have contributed greatly to support this inference, and to these discoveries we shall now advert.

It seems concluded upon, by the researches of this eminent person, that all the stars visible to the naked eye, and vast numbers which can only be seen by the telescope, go to form but one vast cake or cluster of stars, in which we are situated somewhat nearer the one extremity than the other, and of which the Milky Way is nothing more or less than the outskirts. By the use of telescopes of vast power, Sir William looked into regions beyond this great starry mass, and perceived, at immense distances, other and similar clusters, which, to a certain degree of telescopic power, appeared as only luminous spots on the dark ground of the sky, but, by a greater power, showed that they were composed of stars. Leaving out of view, in the mean time, those remote firmaments, as he called them, let us advert to a numerous class of luminous objects which he found scattered throughout our own cluster.

To these luminous objects the term *nebula* or *nebulous matter* is applied, in consequence of their so often resembling the light fantastic clouds which occasionally mottle the summer sky. No familiar object, except perhaps the piece of bread which we tear from a roll to serve as a mouthful, could be adduced as conveying an adequate idea of the utter irregularity of the forms of some of these objects. In those which are so irregular in form, there is an approach to an equal degree of luminousness over the mass. But there are others, in

which the mass presents parts of considerable brightness; others, again, in which the brighter parts appear like gatherings of the luminous matter—an appearance not unlike that of a screen behind which several candles are burning. Others there are, again, in which these comparatively bright spots seem nearly disentangled from the surrounding matter, or only bedded on a slight back-ground composed of it. In a fifth class, the separation of the spots has proceeded further; and these spots, let it be observed, are of a spherical form. Connecting the last set of objects with an order of stars which are surrounded by a slight *bar* of nebulous matter, Sir William Herschel conceived himself to have traced the whole process of the formation of the stellar spheres, from a diffused luminous mass, to the condition of a defined orb, of the character of our sun.

This supposed process of condensation, strange to say, supplies a rule for such a rotatory motion as that of our sun. When fluid particles flow towards a centre, they almost invariably form a whirl or vortex. The sinking of water through a funnel illustrates this principle to the most common perceptions. But there are such things as binary stars—that is, sets of two—which revolve round each other. So may we suppose the nebulous matter, in certain cases, to assume that arrangement. On the surface of a flowing stream, in which slight repulsions of water from the banks produce many little eddies, how common is it to see two of those miniature whirlpools come within each other's influence, and then go on wheeling round each other: *precisely in that manner* do the two suns of a binary star carry on their revolutions. In fact, just as our globe is *sustained* in space by the same law which causes an apple to fall to the ground, so do these great spheres appear to have been *set in motion* by the same simple law which every minute is causing straws and feathers to dance in fairy rings on the pathway before us.

And not only are the formation and movements of suns to be thus accounted for, but the same laws explain how a whole planetary system may be made up. As the process of condensation in a nebular mass proceeds, the whirling motion must always become more rapid, just as a sling, when the string is allowed to wind up round our finger, flies always the faster as the string shortens. While the rotatory motion is thus increasing, the centrifugal force may become too great to permit the outer and probably softer portion to adhere to the mass; and this outer and softer portion will therefore be left off as a ring surrounding the principal mass at a little distance. Other portions may thus be successively detached till a considerable number of rings will be left encircling the central mass. Only if the matter of these rings be of an uniform character, can it be expected that they should continue as rings. Almost necessarily, there will be inequalities in their composition, causing them to break up into pieces, each of which, by virtue of gravity, will then collapse into a sphere. A sphere, thus formed, must needs retain the same revolutionary motion as the ring of which it once formed a part, and at the same time it must acquire a rotatory motion in the same direction. Thus we have a set of primary planets, the bodies of which have only to undergo the same processes as the central mass, in order to throw off satellites. The two rings which surround Saturn appear an example of two exterior portions of that planet as yet not advanced from the intermediate state, but which may in time become additions to the number of his satellites. There is also, in our own system, a certain residue, as it may be called, of the nebulous matter, which surrounds the sun to a point beyond the orbit of Mercury, though not in all circumstances to be detected. This residue is of extreme thinness, and does not surround the sun in any direction except in the plane of the planetary movements. It is occasionally visible, as a conical mass of light, shooting up from the place where the sun has just set, and in the oblique direction of his course. It is termed by astronomers the *zodiacal light*, and may be identical with that resisting medium,* of the existence of which the retardations of Encke's comet have recently produced a general conviction among astronomers.†

* For an account of the speculations respecting the resisting medium, see the 1894 number of the Journal.

† Extract from a letter by Sir John Herschel, to Sir William Hamilton, Astronomer-Royal of Ireland, dated "Feldhausen, Cape of Good Hope, June 13, 1836":—"The general aspect of the southern circumpolar region is in a high degree rich and magnificent, owing to the superior brilliancy and larger development of the Milky Way; which, from the constellation Orion to that of Antinous, is in a blaze of light, strangely interrupted, however, with vacant and almost starless patches, especially in Scorpio; while to the north it fades away, pale and dim, and in comparison hardly traceable. I think it is impossible to view this splendid zone, with the astonishingly rich and evenly distributed fringe of stars, of the third and fourth magnitudes, which form a broad skirt to its southern border, like a vast cur-

How far the same principles and observations may be held to apply to the remote class of nebulous bodies, which Herschel could altogether or nearly resolve into clusters of stars, and which he supposed to be firmaments like that of which our solar system is a part, it is needless, in the present state of our knowledge respecting those bodies, to ask. It may yet perhaps be learned from them, that whole firmaments have originally been in the state of unarranged matter, and thence conjectured that *all matter* was originally one vapoury mass pervading space. But, limiting our views in the mean time to the bearing of the actual observations upon our own firmament, what a magnificent idea do we there obtain of the workings of that Uncreate Power, which is adored as the fountain of all being. How stupendous the materials and the space! how simple the laws by which the materials and space have been made a theatre for the display of all the subsequent phenomena, of which the wonders of our own little world, great as we think them in all their departments of organic and inorganic, physical and moral, are probably but a trivial specimen! How wonderful to reflect, that vast spheres are evolved and lighted up, and the humblest insects upon those spheres fed and sheltered, by virtue of the same Mighty Power, to which nothing seems too vast or too mean if it only be qualified to bear a part in the system which He has called into existence!

THE LOVE CHARM,

A TALE.

SOME time in the year 1786, a traveller had occasion to lodge for a night at a small inn in the neighbourhood of Gretna. His slumbers were disturbed before daybreak by a strange, shrill, faltering cry, unlike any sound he had ever before heard, and apparently, to fancy's ear, the wailing of some uncharitably being. Hearing it repeated immediately under his window, he started up, and, looking out, saw, through the dim haze of morning, a figure that was as much calculated to excite mirth as astonishment. It was that of a very old man, seated upon a donkey apparently as old and feeble as himself. On his head was a red striped Kilmarnock cap, from beneath which the long thin grey hairs waved in the morning breeze. Round his neck a hay-band was fastened by way of cravat or comforter, and a tattered grey plaid was thrown carelessly over his shoulder. There was a restless unsettled expression in his eyes, which were constantly peering about in every direction, while his long bony fingers wandered about the different parts of his dress, or played tremulously upon the neck of the donkey. Again he raised his wild uncharitably cry, and then exclaimed, "Oh, Nanse, wumman! Nanse!"

"Wha's that?" replied the hostess, who had just risen, and her voice was not pitched in its softest key; "wha's that disturbin' fouk at sic untimely hours?"

"Oh, Nanse, wumman, it's me; gie's a quart o' yill as sune's ye can!"

"Yill!" replied she of the hostelry; "what in a' the warl's brought ye here for yill sae sune in the mornin', Peter?"

"I want to tak' it hame to oor Kate and Janet," replied the old man; "they hae just risen frae the kirk-yard, an' come in baith cauld and hungry, puir things. I roasted twa reid herrin' for their supper, an' sin' they've eaten them, they're like to chonk wi' drowth. Oh, look sharp, wumman!"

There was something so touchingly sad, so woe-begone, so utterly heartbroken in the melancholy tones of the old man's voice, and in the expression of his countenance, that the traveller's first inclination to indulge in a smile at the strange figure before him, gave place to feelings of the deepest commiseration. He returned to bed, but in vain sought repose; the figure of the old man haunted

him,—without an impression amounting to conviction, that the Milky Way is not a mere stratum, but an annulus; or, at least, that our system is placed in one of the poorer and almost vacant parts of its general mass, and that eccentricity, so as to be much nearer to the parts about the Cross, than to that diametrically opposed to it. The two Magellanic Clouds, Nubecula Major and Minor, are very extraordinary objects. The greater (Nubecula Major) is a congeries of stars, clusters of irregular form, globular clusters and nebulae, of various magnitude and degrees of condensation; among which is interspersed a large portion of irresolvable nebulae, which may be, and probably is, star-dust, but which the twenty-feet telescope shows only as a general illumination of the field of view, forming a bright ground on which the other objects are scattered. Some of the objects in it are of very singular and incomprehensible forms; the chief one especially, which consists of a number of loops, united in a kind of unclear cluster or knot, like a bunch of ribands disposed in what is called a true lovers' knot. * * * The planetary nebulae of the southern circumpolar sky are numerous (for the class of objects) and highly characteristic. I have discovered no less than five, quite as sharply terminated in their discs as planets, and of uniform light. Indeed, the first on which I fell was so perfectly planetary in its appearance, that it was not until several observations upon it in the Royal Observatory, by Mr Maclean, had annihilated all supposition of its motion, that I could relinquish the exciting idea that I had really found a new member of our own system, revolving in an orbit more inclined than Pallas."

his thoughts, and he felt an eager curiosity to know what had occasioned the melancholy wreck of body and mind he had just witnessed.

"You were early astir this morning," said he to the hostess, when she brought his breakfast into the room, though homely parlour.

"Ay, sir, I was up gaye sune; I thoup ye warcha disturbed wi' the noise?"

"Why, yes, I was awakened by the strange outcry of that old man who disturbed you so soon. Who was he?"

"Oh, that was Peter Graham, puir doited auld body he's oot o' his min', puir fallow, and whiles jalouses his deid lasses are come back again. It was a sair dispensation that made Peter what he is."

"What occasioned his misfortune?"

"Oh, it's a lang and a waesome story, sir, an' I hae no time enow; but if your honour can bide till I've gae the house redd up, I'll tell ye a' about it."

With this request the traveller was fain to comply, in a short time, the hostess, having put her house in order and arrayed herself in a clean mitch, smoothed down her apron, and taken a seat, at the traveller's request, the fireside, commenced her story. We will not repeat it in her very words, as English flows more naturally from our pen than the vernacular dialect of the district, but we will answer for the correctness of the tale in the particulars.

Peter Graham was, in former days, a man "well to do" in the world—a farmer in easy circumstances, much respected in the neighbourhood for his honesty and obliging disposition. In fact, he was only too well qualified to engage the affections of those around him, for his extreme good nature and want of firmness rendered him unable to resist the will and the desires of others, and made him the prey and the tool of many who possessed none of his merits—to use an expressive phrase, he was no one's enemy but his own. He of course possessed the repute of being benevolent; but he had acquired that character more by the want of moral courage and *refuse*, than by possessing the true spirit of benevolence in *bestowing*. He gave freely, not so much for the pleasure of serving others, as because it was unpleasant to his own feelings to hurt theirs. His purse was open to all who asked—there was no discrimination in his charity—worthy and unworthy alike were benefited; hence he was pitied by those who gave him credit for goodness of heart, and ridiculed by others who were through and profited by his weakness; he had no enemies, but he likewise had no friends: every body loved Peter Graham was "a real guid fellow;" every body thought Peter Graham was a "good-natured sump!"

His wife was of a very different stamp; hers was one of those master-spirits formed by nature for command and obedience—one before which the wavering and undecided character of Peter yielded like a reed before the blast. She was a woman of great shrewdness and discernment, nothing escaped the keenness of her observation. She been stationed in the high places of the land, and her natural abilities been fostered and improved by education, she would have been a shining light; but it was have been that of a noxious meteor, withering and blighting and destroying every thing that crossed its path, as she was, she contrived, by the overbearing influence of a masculine mind, to establish for herself her own confined circle, that sovereignty which command and confidence and decision always acquire over the weak, the timid, and the ignorant. She was looked upon by the surrounding peasantry with a sort of superstitious dread, which flattered her pride, while it added to her power. She knew that they all hated her, but she was not for their love or their hatred, as long as they acknowledged her superiority. In person she was tall and commanding, with marked features, and a bright, keen, bold eye, which, when her passions were excited, flashed with an expression calculated to inspire to She had an eager curiosity to pry into the mysterious nature, and was a firm believer in the powers of herbs and simples, and had a firm confidence in the power of certain of them to work upon the moral as well as physical nature of men.

Such was Elspeth Graham; but the evil influence exercised over her husband was greatly counteracted by that of his daughters. They were both lovely girls, in their tempers and dispositions formed a complete contrast to their violent and misguided mother. Their pride and joy of Peter's heart, and even their safety was in some degree softened and humanised in their company. They were, at the time of which we write, twenty and eighteen years of age; Katy, the eldest, was merry-hearted cheerful girl, with a lurking dimple in her rosy cheek, and a bright happy gleam in her blue eye. Janet, the younger, was, like her sister, a haired beauty, but less firm and decided in character. Peter Graham was known to be a man of substance; the reputation of being "well-to-do" added a little to the charms of our rural belles in the eyes of their rustic admirers. But Elspeth looked with disapprobation upon the humble suitors of her daughters, for whom she had higher views; their beauty, she thought, was when seconded by the powers of witchcraft, came for them a higher and brighter destiny than to do a spinning-wheel, or superintend a dairy. But her expectations were doomed to be as much baffled as the many more prudent mothers. The girls were allowed one occasion to accompany their father to Carlisle, and there Kate met a young farmer named Foster, Beaumont in Cumberland, who contrived to make himself as agreeable to her by his attentions, as she had been attractive to him by her beauty. Peter Graham much pleased with the frank and manly bearing of young Cumberland, but a wholesome dread of his displeasure prevented his encouraging Foster's court-

expressed wish to improve the acquaintance, particularly as it was very evident that Katy's charms formed the magnet of attraction. Before they parted, however, the young Englishman had discovered the name and residence of the young maiden, and had contrived to obtain her consent to his visiting her, but "stomach," for fear of his mother. Foster lost no time in availing himself of her permission, and often did he, at the "mirk mid-night hour," cross the Eden and the Esk in all weathers, make the well-known signal at Katy's window.

In the meantime, little dreaming of what was going on, Elspeth Graham was planning schemes of aggrandisement for her daughters, determined upon exerting all her energies to accomplish her ends. The proprietor of Peter's room, a young and rich bachelor, was in the habit of stopping frequently at the cottage during his shooting or hunting excursions, apparently for the purpose of obtaining rest and refreshment, but really to have an opportunity of seeing his tenant's lovely daughters. Katy, as before mentioned, was the prettier and more lively of the two; and the squire, attracted by her beauty, and charmed by her vivacity, paid her almost exclusive attention. His wily mother saw, though she pretended not to notice, the impression which her daughter's beauty was making on her landlord's heart, and she determined to employ her favour those unwholesome arts which it had been the duty of her life to acquire. Convinced of the magic power of philtres and potions to awaken and increase love, she determined to try their efficacy upon the unsuspecting squire. She accordingly prepared a philtre, which she mixed up in a jar of honey, and, spreading some of it upon a scone, presented it to the squire as he was using the cottage.

The result was certainly such as to give the unhappy man some reason to believe her charm successful. In the course of a short time, after a severe struggle with pride of birth and station, the young landlord found himself unable any longer to resist the impulse of affection, and proposed himself in form as the suitor of Katy, whom, to his great surprise, he was respectfully but decidedly rejected. Great was his wrath at this unexpected result of his courtship—so mortifying to his pride in self-love; so much more humiliating to his pride in even a lower alliance could have been. He felt convinced that her affections must have been pre-engaged, and he would never have refused one so eligible in point of fortune; and he determined to employ every means in his power to discover his fortunate rival. Nothing could escape the keen watchfulness of jealousy, as Foster soon learned to his cost; his intimacy with Katy was discovered, and Elspeth Graham vowed the bitterest vengeance against them both, if they did not discontinue their meetings, at the same time expressing her determination to favour, with all her influence, the landlord's suit.

But to return to the philtre: The unconscious squire had eaten but a small portion of the honeyed bait. Soon, however, with its sweetness, he gave part of it to his gamekeeper, a fine young fellow who had accompanied him to the cottage from the weight of his gun and its victims. That was Elspeth's vexation, as she watched his departure from a window, to witness this unexpected participation of the magic gift; but greater was her mortification when she saw the new chain of troubles which seemed to be constantly opened before her. It so happened that Janet, the younger daughter, was engaged at the moment in commonplace but useful occupation of filling the basket to "help" the fire, little dreaming of other things to which she was doomed to give rise. From the rural witchery, no doubt, of a pretty face, the poor gamekeeper, who happened to glance at her when his path was full of honey, could not withdraw his gaze. His heart was full of love. His intense gaze of admiration was not thrown away upon its object; for what else heart is proof against the flattery of being the object of an irresistible passion? Elspeth's quick eye instantly read in their countenances what was passing in their minds. Rushing from her hiding-place, she attacked the poor gamekeeper with the most virulent reproaches, daring to look upon her daughter with an eye of love, threatened him with the most dismal consequences if he ever should venture near the cottage again. Janet also came in for a heavy share of her indignation, for finding herself so much as even to look kindly upon so much beneath her in her mother's estimation. But the result of opposition "fans the fire of love." In a few weeks after their first meeting, Janet and her lover all in all to each other. They fondly flattered themselves that time would soften Elspeth's objection to their union. Alas! they little knew the unbending and vindictive spirit they had to deal with. One morning Janet and her lover parted with mutual promises to meet again in a few days; but the time of that meeting never arrived.

Within twenty-four hours afterwards, the body of the poor gamekeeper was found in an adjoining wood, and cold; in his hand was a clasp-knife smeared with blood; his neck showed a deep and deadly wound, near him lay the broken stock of his gun. The resolute character of the man, and the well-known fact that several notorious and desperate poachers had been out on the night in question, seemed to afford a plausible cause for the melancholy catastrophe. Officers of justice set themselves to work, and several noted poachers were apprehended on suspicion; but after the patient and minute investigation, nothing was elicited that could fasten the blame on any particular individual, and it was supposed that the death of the poor gamekeeper had been occasioned by his own hand. Justice was satisfied—not so public opinion. A suspicion attached to the minds of the country people, to Elspeth Graham, who was supposed to be capable of any measure of crime, to gratify her hatred, or promote her schemes of interest. Guilty or not, however, she maintained a bold, undaunted bearing as before, and received with glances of withering scorn and stern defiance the covering scowl of suspicion and dislike.

The news of this dismal tragedy spread far and near, and it went the whisper that attributed it to the vindictive Elspeth. Young Foster heard the news, but, instead of a warning to him to avoid the risk

of a similar fate, it acted as a spur and incentive to him to bring his courtship to a speedy conclusion, and to bear his beloved one away from a sphere so unsuitable to his sense of her deservings. At their very next meeting, Foster exerted all the eloquence of love to persuade Katy to leave the home of her father, and to escape with him to Beaumont, to be the joy of his heart and the wife of his bosom. Talk not of the eloquence of the forum or the pulpit—there is no eloquence like that of love! His language is the same in the peasant as in the prince: in both it is the language of the heart; and when it gushes forth, free, rapid, energetic, and warm, from its source, its very energy and concentrated passion startle the indifferent listener into attention, and impart a portion of its spirit to the most cold and apathetic; how much more, when heart speaks to heart—when the sentiments uttered in the musical tones of love are echoed in the bosom of the listener! It was not without many tears that Katy at last consented to her lover's proposal; but she had nothing in prospect, save misery, at home, from her mother's severe and imperious temper, and the ungenerous and persevering importunities of the landlord, whose attentions had now become doubly disagreeable to her. It was some time before she could elude the vigilance of her watchful mother; but at last, one starlight night, she contrived to slip out of her cottage to the neighbouring copse, where her lover, as she knew, was waiting for her. Elspeth, however, always suspicious, always alert, was on her traces just in time to see her mounted on a stout horse, behind Foster. With a yell of rage, she pursued the lovers, and gave the alarm to the laird, who, with a few well-mounted followers, pressed hard upon the fugitives. Foster, seeing that his horse could not hold out long with its double burden, struck out of the beaten track, towards the shore of Solway, and in a fit of desperation forced the animal through the tide, about a mile below Garriestone, where there was a deep quicksand. The horse, exhausted by his previous exertion, sunk in the sand beyond the chance of extrication; the lover, by a desperate exertion of strength, contrived to bear his lovely burden to the opposite shore; but the effects of terror, and of the intense cold to which she had been subjected, proved too much for her delicate frame, and she expired on the banks of the stream before assistance could be procured. Her father, Peter Graham, who had been in Cumberland that day, was passing near Garriestone at the time the accident happened, and hastened to the spot with some other passers-by to offer assistance, little thinking of the scene that awaited him. The first words that reached his ear, were, "She's dead, poor lassie!" "What is it?" exclaimed Peter, and a cold shudder came over him when he recognised Foster among the group. A gleam of moonlight glanced upon the features of the corpse, and with a loud cry of agony the wretched father threw himself beside the body of his daughter, exclaiming, "My bairn! my poor bairn!"—they were the last rational words he ever uttered—he rose a maniac. Early in the morning, a neighbour of Peter, going towards the shore, met the old man returning homewards on his donkey, carrying something large and apparently heavy before him. "Hollo, Peter! what has ye gotten there?" "Whist! whist!" answered the old man, holding up his finger in a warning attitude, "it's oor Katy, poor thing; she's had a lang ride, an' she's sleepin' gaye soond." The old man's eye brightened as he patted the cheek of the corpse affectionately. "She's a guid and a bonny lass, oor Kate; but od, man, feel how cold her bit cheek is! I wuss she wad wauken, for it's a sair fause to hand her on the cuddy."

We will leave the imagination of the reader to picture the remorseful pang that wrung the proud heart of Elspeth, when the two victims of her misguided passions arrived at the cottage; and the grief of poor Janet, when she heard that her beloved sister, her only friend, had been so suddenly and dreadfully torn from her for ever. The hand of affliction had been heavy on Elspeth Graham; sorely had she been stricken, but her pride was not yet humbled; she had not yet drained the cup to the dregs. Time moved on—seven years had passed, and Peter Graham was still an imbecile. Elspeth still maintained her haughty and imperious bearing, but sore had been the struggle between her woman's heart and her proud spirit; conscience had been busy within, and the wrinkles that thickly furrowed her brow, spoke of premature old age, of a spirit writhing under its sufferings, and scornful to complain. Poor Foster had disappeared almost immediately after the sad fate of his Kate. It was supposed that he had gone to foreign parts, but no certain accounts had been received of him.

One night, Elspeth Graham lay tossing and tumbling in bed, restless and wearied, but afraid to yield to the influence of sleep, from which the fearful colouring lent by a troubled conscience to her dreams, had already awakened her. It was a stormy night; the moon was high in the heavens, but it was only at intervals that a transient gleam of her light broke through the rifted clouds, which drove fast and furiously over her orb, their dark shadows chasing each other over the earth, and as they flitted past the lattice of the cottage, seeming like the gigantic spirits of evil in pursuit of their prey. Elspeth lay and listened to the rushing wind, and her dark spirit conjured up a thousand horrors from the commotion of the elements; alas! what was their warring to that within her own breast! The howling of the wind seemed to her conscience-stricken ear like the wailings and threatenings of departed spirits, and the bright clear moon every now and then glancing into her room, reminded her of an eye that never slumbers, that can pierce through the thickest gloom, and penetrate the depths of the darkest heart. While in this state of nervous excitement, she heard a hesitating step near the door, then a sound as of human groanings, and then again all was still. When she raised her head again from the bed-clothes under which she had buried it, she listened anxiously and breathlessly, but nothing was to be heard but the rushing wind and the pelting rain. The next gleam of moonlight, however, showed her a human figure standing under the tree that overhung her window, and apparently looking into the room. This sight was too much for her already over-

excited nerves, and with a loud scream she sunk upon the bed, calling for assistance. Her cries awakened poor Peter, to whom she told the cause of her alarm, and ordered him to go and see who the intruder might be. The old man went out, and, after a short absence, returned with a joyous smile upon his countenance: "Eh, Elspeth, woman! here's honest Frank Foster come to see oor Katy. I askit him to come in, but he wadna. He's standin' yonder twirling round on his tae like a peerie." "What garr'd ye ask him in, ye auld fule? Let me wot at him, an' I'll send him aff in a hurry," and the infuriated woman started up, lantern in hand, to put her threat in execution. "Be aff wi' ye, ye graceless loon," she cried; "wha is't ye're rinnin' awa' wi' neist?" To this tirade no answer was returned: she flashed her light full upon the figure, gave one wild scream, and fell to the ground in convulsions. It was indeed Frank Foster she had seen, but he was hanging a lifeless corpse from the arm of the tree, his face pale and ghastly, and his eyes fixed in the glare of death. Round his neck was the ribbon which Kate had worn on the night of her death.

Elspeth Graham was carried raving to her bed; in the wildness of delirium, her memory wandered to past scenes: "Save me! save me!" she cried; "I didn't drown her! What's the man staring at? I didn't put the knife in his hand, Katy, woman! Bring us some water to wash oot this bluid!" She continued raving on thus unconnectedly for some hours, till at length nature, worn out, gave up the contest, and she expired of sheer exhaustion.

Thus miserably perished Elspeth Graham, an example of the fatal effects of unbridled passion and overweening pride and ambition. Of the other actors in this sad tale, little remains to be told. Janet, true to her first love, died unmarried a few months before the date of the commencement of our story; and poor Peter, happy in his unconsciousness of present and past sorrow, lived on for many years in an ideal world of his own, still fancying himself at times visited by those whom he had loved in earlier and happier days.

FOUCHE AND THE FRENCH POLICE.

OF all the extraordinary men who were raked up from the obscurity of private life during the French revolution, and amidst its storms carried to power and eminence, there is no one whose name is more notorious than that of "the crafty and sagacious" Fouché. As the parent and organiser of that terrible engine of oppression, the political police and espionage or spy system, he exercised an influence in the different phases of that extraordinary drama, secondary only to that of its greatest hero, Napoleon Bonaparte, and ultimately subversive even of his throne and dynasty. With matchless art and cunning he shared in the downfall of no friends or patrons: the Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Kingdom, were all swept away, but Fouché stood immovable, and in the last great shock surprised even those best acquainted with him, by securing the smiles and confidence of the reigning party.

It is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, that, after his long career of intrigue was closed, and when he had withdrawn into what was to him a gloomy retirement, he took up his pen and composed his own memoirs, which were published in Paris, in 1824, after his death. Without the avowals he himself volunteers of the policy he pursued through life, it would have been difficult to have placed implicit reliance on the relations respecting him made by many of his contemporaries, who were in most instances his enemies. But he has left a picture of himself so perfect in all its parts, and bearing, what may seem almost impossible, such marks of candour about it, that his foes could add little to its revolting details.

He tells us that his father was a privateer, though his family was respectable. He himself was designed for the sea, but he had an inclination for teaching, and the revolution found him a prefect in the college of Nantes, "which shows at least," says he, "that I was neither very ignorant nor a fool." That city sent him as a representative to the National Convention, from which he draws the very natural inference, that he possessed the confidence of its revolutionary inhabitants. He was a participator in the bloody acts of that assembly, including the execution of Louis XVI. and his queen; and in the provinces he exercised a mission wherewith he was entrusted to seize, to slay, and to confiscate, in a manner to gain the approbation of the Jacobins. At length he drew the attention of Barras; and having gained his confidence, he was put in the way of making himself easy on the score of wealth, by government contracts and timely speculations in the funds.

But although the possession of money was every way agreeable to the feelings of Fouché, it was not alone sufficient to satisfy the cravings of his restless spirit. A high political employment was the object of his ambition; and after a preliminary embassy to the Cisalpine Republic, he at last obtained his object by being nominated to the ministry of police under the

which the mass presents parts of considerable brightness; others, again, in which the brighter parts appear like *gatherings of the luminous matter*—an appearance not unlike that of a screen behind which several candles are burning. Others there are, again, in which these comparatively bright spots seem nearly disengaged from the surrounding matter, or only bedded on a slight back-ground composed of it. In a fifth class, the separation of the spots has proceeded further; and these spots, let it be observed, are of a spherical form. Connecting the last set of objects with an order of stars which are surrounded by a slight *bur* of nebulous matter, Sir William Herschel conceived himself to have traced the whole process of the formation of the stellar spheres, from a diffused luminous mass, to the condition of a defined orb, of the character of our sun.

This supposed process of condensation, strange to say, supplies a rule for such a rotatory motion as that of our sun. When fluid particles flow towards a centre, they almost invariably form a whirl or vortex. The sinking of water through a funnel illustrates this principle to the most common perceptions. But there are such things as binary stars—that is, sets of two—which revolve round each other. So may we suppose the nebulous matter, in certain cases, to assume that arrangement. On the surface of a flowing stream, in which slight repulsions of water from the banks produce many little eddies, how common is it to see two of those miniature whirlpools come within each other's influence, and then go on wheeling round each other: *precisely in that manner* do the two suns of a binary star carry on their revolutions. In fact, just as our globe is *sustained* in space by the same law which causes an apple to fall to the ground, so do these great spheres appear to have been set in motion by the same simple law which every minute is causing straws and feathers to dance in fairy rings on the pathway before us.

And not only are the formation and movements of suns to be thus accounted for, but the same laws explain how a whole planetary system may be made up. As the process of condensation in a nebular mass proceeds, the whirling motion must always become more rapid, just as a sling, when the string is allowed to wind up round our finger, flies *alway* the faster as the string shortens. While the rotatory motion is thus increasing, the centrifugal force may become too great to permit the outer and probably softer portion to adhere to the mass; and this outer and softer portion will therefore be left off as a ring surrounding the principal mass at a little distance. Other portions may thus be successively detached till a considerable number of rings will be left encircling the central mass. Only if the matter of these rings be of an uniform character, can it be expected that they should continue as rings. Almost necessarily, there will be inequalities in their composition, causing them to break up into pieces, each of which, by virtue of gravity, will then collapse into a sphere. A sphere, thus formed, must needs retain the same revolutionary motion as the ring of which it once formed a part, and at the same time it must acquire a rotatory motion in the same direction. Thus we have a set of primary planets, the bodies of which have only to undergo the same processes as the central mass, in order to throw off satellites. The two rings which surround Saturn appear an example of two exterior portions of that planet as yet not advanced from the intermediate state, but which may in time become additions to the number of his satellites. There is also, in our own system, a certain residue, as it may be called, of the nebulous matter, which surrounds the sun to a point beyond the orbit of Mercury, though not in all circumstances to be detected. This residue is of extreme thinness, and does not surround the sun in any direction except in the plane of the planetary movements. It is occasionally visible, as a conical mass of light, shooting up from the place where the sun has just set, and in the oblique direction of his course. It is termed by astronomers the *zodiacal light*, and may be identical with that resisting medium,* of the existence of which the retardations of Encke's comet have recently produced a general conviction among astronomers.†

* For an account of the speculations respecting the resisting medium, see the 133d number of the Journal.

† Extract from a letter by Sir John Herschel, to Sir William Hamilton, Astronomer-Royal of Ireland, dated "Feldhausen, Cape of Good Hope, June 13, 1835." "The general aspect of the southern circumpolar region is in a high degree rich and magnificent, owing to the superior brilliancy and larger development of the Milky Way; which, from the constellation Orion to that of Antinous, is in a blaze of light, strangely interrupted, however, with vacant and almost starless patches, especially in Scorpio; while to the north it fades away, pale and dim, and in comparison hardly traceable. I think it is impossible to view this splendid zone, with the astonishingly rich and evenly distributed fringe of stars, of the third and fourth magnitudes, which form a broad skirt to its southern border, like a vast cur-

How far the same principles and observations may be held to apply to the remote class of nebulous bodies, which Herschel could altogether or nearly resolve into clusters of stars, and which he supposed to be firmaments like that of which our solar system is a part, it is needless, in the present state of our knowledge respecting those bodies, to ask. It may yet perhaps be learned from them, that whole firmaments have originally been in the state of unarranged matter, and thence conjectured that *all matter* was originally one vapoury mass pervading space. But, limiting our views in the mean time to the bearing of the actual observations upon our own firmament, what a magnificent idea do we there obtain of the workings of that Uncreate Power, which is adored as the fountain of all being. How stupendous the materials and the space! how simple the laws by which the materials and space have been made a theatre for the display of all the subsequent phenomena, of which the wonders of our own little world, great as we think them in all their departments of organic and inorganic, physical and moral, are probably but a trivial specimen! How wonderful to reflect, that vast spheres are evolved and lighted up, and the humblest insects upon those spheres fed and sheltered, by virtue of the same Mighty Power, to which nothing seems too vast or too mean if it only be qualified to bear a part in the system which He has called into existence!

THE LOVE CHARM,

A TALE.

SOME time in the year 1785, a traveller had occasion to lodge for a night at a small inn in the neighbourhood of Gretna. His slumbers were disturbed before daybreak by a strange, shrill, faltering cry, unlike any sound he had ever before heard, and apparently, to fancy's ear, the wailing of some meekly being. Hearing it repeated immediately under his window, he started up, and, looking out, saw, through the dim haze of morning, a figure that was as much calculated to excite mirth as astonishment. It was that of a very old man, seated upon a donkey apparently as old and feeble as himself. On his head was a red striped Kilmarnock cap, from beneath which the long thin grey hairs waved in the morning breeze. Round his neck a hay-band was fastened by way of cravat or comforter, and a tattered grey plaid was thrown carelessly over his shoulder. There was a restless unsettled expression in his eyes, which were constantly peering about in every direction, while his long bony fingers wandered about the different parts of his dress, or played tremulously upon the neck of the donkey. Again he raised his wild unearthly cry, and then exclaimed, "Oh, Nanse, wumman! Nanse!"

"Wha's that?" replied the hostess, who had just risen, and her voice was not pitched in its softest key; "wha's that disturbin' fouk at sic untimely hours?"

"Oh, Nanse, wumman, it's me; gie's a quart o' yill as sune's ye can!"

"Yill!" replied she of the hostelry; "wha't in a' the warl's brought ye here for yill sae sune in the mornin', Peter?"

"I want to tak' it hame to oor Kate and Janet," replied the old man; "they hae just risen frae the kirk-yard, an' come in baith cauld and hungry, pair things. I roasted twa reid herrin' for their supper, an' sin' they've eaten them, they're like to chook wi' drowth. Oh, look sharp, wumman!"

There was something so touchingly sad, so woe-begone, so utterly heartbroken in the melancholy tones of the old man's voice, and in the expression of his countenance, that the traveller's first inclination to indulge in a smile at the strange figure before him, gave place to feelings of the deepest commiseration. He returned to bed, but in vain sought repose; the figure of the old man haunted

him,—without an impression, amounting to conviction, that the Milky Way is not a mere stratum, but an annulus; or, at least, that our system is placed in one of the poorer and almost vacant parts of its general mass, and that eccentrically, so as to be much nearer to the parts about the Cross, than to that dimetrically opposed to it. The two Magellanic Clouds, Nubecula Major and Minor, are very extraordinary objects. The greater (Nubecula Major) is a congeries of stars, clusters of irregular form, globular clusters and nebulae, of various magnitude and degrees of condensation; among which is interspersed a large portion of irresolvable nebulae, which may be, and probably is, star-dust, but which the twenty-foot telescope shows only as a general illumination of the field of view, forming a bright ground on which the other objects are scattered. Some of the objects in it are of very singular and incomprehensible forms; the chief one especially, which consists of a number of loops, united in a kind of unclear cluster or knot, like a bunch of ribands disposed in what is called a true lovers' knot. * * * The planetary nebulae of the southern circumpolar sky are numerous (for the class of objects) and highly characteristic. I have discovered no less than five, quite as sharply terminated in their discs as planets, and of uniform light. Indeed, the first on which I fell was so perfectly planetary in its appearance, that it was not until several observations upon it in the Royal Observatory, by Mr Maclean, had annihilated all supposition of its motion, that I could relinquish the exciting idea that I had really found a new member of our own system, revolving in an orbit more inclined than Pallas."

his thoughts, and he felt an eager curiosity to know what had occasioned the melancholy wreck of body and mind he had just witnessed.

"You were early astir this morning," said he to the hostess, when she brought his breakfast into the somewhat homely parlour.

"Ay, sir, I was up gaye sune; I thoup ye warcha disturbed wi' the noise?"

"Why, yes, I was awakened by the strange outcry of that old man who disturbed you so soon. Who was he?"

"Oh, that was Peter Graham, pair doited auld booby he's oot o' his min', pair fallow, and whiles jalousee o' his deid lasses are come back again. It was a sair pension that made Peter what he is."

"What occasioned his misfortune?"

"Oh, it's a lang and a waeome story, sir, an' I hae time enow; but if your honour can bide till I've gae the house redd up, I'll tell ye a' about it."

With this request the traveller was fain to comply. In a short time, the hostess, having put her house in order and arrayed herself in a clean match, smoothed down her apron, and taken a seat, at the traveller's request, the fireside, commenced her story. We will not repeat it in her very words, as English flows more naturally from our pen than the vernacular dialect of the district; but we will answer for the correctness of the tale in all particulars.

Peter Graham was, in former days, a man "well be" in the world—a farmer in easy circumstances, much respected in the neighbourhood for his honesty and obliging disposition. In fact, he was only too well qualified to engage the affections of those around him, for his extreme good nature and want of firmness rendered him unable to resist the will and the desires of others, and made him the prey and the tool of many who possessed none of his merits—to use an expressive phrase, he was no one's enemy but his own. He of course possessed the repute of being benevolent; but he had acquired that character more by the want of moral courage to refuse, than by possessing the true spirit of benevolence in bestowing. He gave freely, not so much for pleasure of serving others, as because it was unpleasing to his own feelings to hurt theirs. His purse was open to all who asked—there was no discrimination in charity—worthy and unworthy alike were benefited; hence he was pitted by those who gave him credit for goodness of heart, and ridiculed by others who looked through and profited by his weakness; he had many enemies, but he likewise had no friends: every body Peter Graham was "a real gude fellow;" every body thought Peter Graham was a "good-natured simple."

His wife was of a very different stamp; hers was one of those master-spirits formed by nature for command and obedience—one before which the wavering and undecisive character of Peter yielded like a reed before the wind. She was a woman of great shrewdness and discernment, nothing escaped the keenness of her observation. If she been stationed in the high places of the land, and her natural abilities been fostered and improved by education, she would have been a shining light; but it was the fate of a noxious meteor, withering and blighting, and destroying every thing that crossed its path, situated as she was, she contrived, by the overbearing influence of a masculine mind, to establish for herself her own confined circle, that sovereignty which came with confidence and decision always acquire on the weak, the timid, and the ignorant. She was looked upon by the surrounding peasantry with a sort of superstitious dread, which flattered her pride, while it added to her power. She knew that they all hated her, but she was not for their love or their hatred, as long as they acknowledged her superiority. In person she was tall and commanding, with marked features, and a keen, bold eye, which, when her passions were excited, flashed with an expression calculated to inspire fear. She had an eager curiosity to pry into the mysterious nature, and was a firm believer in the powers of herbs and simples, and had a firm confidence in the power of certain of them to work upon the moral as well as physical nature of men.

Such was Elspeth Graham; but the evil influence exercised over her husband was greatly counteracted by that of his daughters. They were both lovely girls in their tempers and dispositions formed a complete contrast to their violent and misguided mother. Their pride and joy of Peter's heart, and even their safety was in some degree softened and humanised in their company. They were, at the time of which we write, and eighteen years of age; Katy, the eldest, was a merry-hearted cheerful girl, with a lurking dimple in her rosy cheek, and a bright happy gleam in her blue eye. Janet, the younger, was, like her sister, a haired beauty, but less firm and decided in character. Peter Graham was known to be a man of substance; the reputation of being "well-to-do" was added to the charms of our rural belles in the eyes of their rustic admirers. But Elspeth looked with disdain upon the humble suitors of her daughters, for whom she had far higher views; their beauty, she thought, when seconded by the powers of witchcraft, could for them a higher and brighter destiny than to doze in a spinning-wheel, or superintend a dairy. But her expectations were doomed to be as much baffled as the many more prudent mothers. The girls were allowed one occasion to accompany their father to Carlisle, and there Kate met a young farmer named Foster, Beaumont in Cumberland, who contrived to make himself as agreeable to her by his attentions, as she had been attractive to him by her beauty. Peter Graham much pleased with the frank and manly bearing of young Cumbrian, but a wholesome dread of his displeasure prevented his encouraging Foster's

pressed wish to improve the acquaintance, particularly of a similar fate, it acted as a spur and incentive to him to bring his courtship to a speedy conclusion, and to bear his beloved one away from a sphere so unsuitable to his sense of her deservings. At their very next meeting, Foster exerted all the eloquence of love to persuade Katy to leave the home of her father, and to escape with him to Beaumont, to be the joy of his heart and the wife of his bosom. Talk not of the eloquence of the forum or the pulpit—there is no eloquence like that of love! His language is the same in the peasant as in the prince: in both it is the language of the heart; and when it gushes forth, free, rapid, energetic, and warm, from its source, its very energy and concentrated passion startle the indifferent listener into attention, and impart a portion of its spirit to the most cold and apathetic; how much more, when heart speaks to heart—when the sentiments uttered in the musical tones of love are echoed in the bosom of the listener! It was not without many tears that Katy at last consented to her lover's proposal; but she had nothing in prospect, save misery, at home, from her mother's severe and imperious temper, and the ungenerous and persevering importunities of the landlord, whose attentions had now become doubly disagreeable to her. It was some time before she could elude the vigilance of her watchful mother; but at last, one starlight night, she contrived to slip out of her cottage to the neighbouring copse, where her lover, as she knew, was waiting for her. Elspeth, however, always suspicious, always alert, was on her traces just in time to see her mounted on a stout horse, behind Foster. With a yell of rage, she pursued the lovers, and gave the alarm to the laird, who, with a few well-mounted followers, pressed hard upon the fugitives. Foster, seeing that his horse could not hold out long with its double burden, struck out of the beaten track, towards the shore of Solway, and in a fit of desperation forced the animal through the tide, about a mile below Garriestone, where there was a deep quicksand. The horse, exhausted by his previous exertion, sunk in the sand, beyond the chance of extrication; the lover, by a desperate exertion of strength, contrived to bear his lovely burden to the opposite shore; but the effects of terror, and of the intense cold to which she had been subjected, proved too much for her delicate frame, and she expired on the banks of the stream before assistance could be procured. Her father, Peter Graham, who had been in Cumberland that day, was passing near Garriestone at the time the accident happened, and hastened to the spot with some other passers-by to offer assistance, little thinking of the scene that awaited him. The first words that reached his ear, were, "She's deid, puir lassie!" "Wha'st' ye?" exclaimed Peter, and a cold shudder came over him when he recognised Foster among the group. A gleam of moonlight glanced upon the features of the corpse, and with a loud cry of agony the wretched father threw himself beside the body of his daughter, exclaiming, "My bairn! my puir bairn!"—they were the last rational words he ever uttered—he rose a maniac. Early in the morning, a neighbour of Peter, going towards the shore, met the old man returning homewards on his donkey, carrying something large and apparently heavy before him. "Hollo, Peter! what hae ye gotten there?" "Whist! whist!" answered the old man, holding up his finger in a warning attitude, "it's oor Katy, puir thing; she's had a lang ride, an' she's sleepin' gaye soond." The old man's eye brightened as he patted the cheek of the corpse affectionately. "She's a guid and a bonny lass, oor Kate; but od, man, feel how cold her bit cheek is! I wuss she wad wauken, for it's a sair fash to hand her on the cuddy."

in the meantime, little dreaming of what was going on, Elspeth Graham was planning schemes of aggrandisement for her daughters, determined upon exerting all her energies to accomplish her ends. The proprietor of Peter's house, a young and rich bachelor, was in the habit of stopping frequently at the cottage during his shooting or racing excursions, apparently for the purpose of obtaining refreshment, but really to have an opportunity of seeing his tenant's lovely daughters. Katy, as before mentioned, was the prettier and more lively of the two; the squire, attracted by her beauty, and charmed by her vivacity, paid her almost exclusive attention. His wily mother saw, though she pretended not to notice, the impression which her daughter's beauty was making on her landlord's heart, and she determined to employ in favour those unhalloved arts which it had been the policy of her life to acquire. Convinced of the magic of philtres and potions to awaken and increase the affections, she determined to try their efficacy upon the unsuspecting squire. She accordingly prepared a philtre, which mixed up in a jar of honey, and, spreading some upon a scone, presented it to the squire as he was sitting at the cottage.

The result was certainly such as to give the unhappy man some reason to believe her charm successful. In course of a short time, after a severe struggle with pride of birth and station, the young landlord found himself unable any longer to resist the impulse of affection, and proposed himself in form as the suitor of Katy, whom, to his great surprise, he was respectfully but decidedly rejected. Great was his wrath at this unexpected result of his courtship—so mortifying to his pride and self-love; so much more humiliating to his pride in a man even a lower alliance could have been. He felt convinced that her affections must have been pre-engaged, and he would have refused one so eligible in point of fortune; and he determined to employ every means in his power to discover his fortunate rival. Nothing could so keenly awaken the jealousy of Elspeth as Foster soon did to his cost; his intimacy with Katy was discovered, and Elspeth Graham vowed the bitterest vengeance against them both, if they did not discontinue their meetings, at the same time expressing her determination to favour, with all her influence, the landlord's suit.

As to return to the philtre: The unconscious squire had eaten but a small portion of the honeyed bait. Soon after his sweetest, he gave part of it to his gamekeeper, a fine young fellow who had accompanied him to the house from the weight of his gun and his victims. It was Elspeth's vexation, as she watched his departure from a window, to witness this unexpected portion of the magic gift; but greater was her mortification when she saw the new chain of troubles which seemed to be consecrated opened before her. It so happened that Janet, younger daughter, was engaged at the moment in commonplace but useful occupation of filling the basket to "help" the fire, little dreaming of other things to which she was doomed to give rise. From the fatal witchery, no doubt, of a pretty face, the poor gamekeeper, who happened to glance at her when his gun was full of honey, could not withdraw his gaze; his heart was full of love. His intense gaze of admiration was not thrown away upon its object; for what the heart is proof against the flattery of being the object of an irresistible passion? Elspeth's quick eye instantly read in their countenances what was passing in their minds. Rushing from her hiding-place, she attacked poor gamekeeper with the most virulent reproaches, arising to look upon her daughter with an eye of love, threatened him with the most dismal consequences were should venture near the cottage again. Janet came in for a heavy share of her indignation, for being herself so much as even to look kindly upon much beneath her in her mother's estimation. But the death of opposition "fans the fire of love." In a week after their first meeting, Janet and her lover lay all in all to each other. They fondly flattered themselves that time would soften Elspeth's objection to their union. Alas! they little knew the unbending and vindictive spirit they had to deal with. One morning Janet and her lover parted with mutual promises to meet again in a few days; but the time of that meeting never arrived. Within twenty-four hours afterwards, the body of poor gamekeeper was found in an adjoining wood, and cold; in his hand was a clasp-knife smeared with blood; his neck showed a deep and deadly wound, near him lay the broken stock of his gun. The resolute character of the man, and the well-known fact that several notorious and desperate poachers had been on the night in question, seemed to afford a plausible cause for the melancholy catastrophe. Officers of justice set themselves to work, and several noted poachers were apprehended on suspicion; but after the patient and minute investigation, nothing was elicited that could fasten the blame on any particular individual, and it was supposed that the death of the poor gamekeeper had been occasioned by his own hand. Justice was satisfied—not so public opinion. A suspicion at once took root in the minds of the country people, to Elspeth, who was supposed to be capable of any measure of violence, to gratify her hatred, or promote her schemes of interest. Guilty or not, however, she maintained a bold, undaunted bearing as before, and refused to be cowed by the withering scorn and stern denials of the cowering scowl of suspicion and dislike.

News of this dismal tragedy spread far and near, and it went the whisper that attributed it to the revengeful Elspeth. Young Foster heard the tale, instead of a warning to him to avoid the risk

of a similar fate, it acted as a spur and incentive to him to bring his courtship to a speedy conclusion, and to bear his beloved one away from a sphere so unsuitable to his sense of her deservings. At their very next meeting, Foster exerted all the eloquence of love to persuade Katy to leave the home of her father, and to escape with him to Beaumont, to be the joy of his heart and the wife of his bosom. Talk not of the eloquence of the forum or the pulpit—there is no eloquence like that of love! His language is the same in the peasant as in the prince: in both it is the language of the heart; and when it gushes forth, free, rapid, energetic, and warm, from its source, its very energy and concentrated passion startle the indifferent listener into attention, and impart a portion of its spirit to the most cold and apathetic; how much more, when heart speaks to heart—when the sentiments uttered in the musical tones of love are echoed in the bosom of the listener! It was not without many tears that Katy at last consented to her lover's proposal; but she had nothing in prospect, save misery, at home, from her mother's severe and imperious temper, and the ungenerous and persevering importunities of the landlord, whose attentions had now become doubly disagreeable to her. It was some time before she could elude the vigilance of her watchful mother; but at last, one starlight night, she contrived to slip out of her cottage to the neighbouring copse, where her lover, as she knew, was waiting for her. Elspeth, however, always suspicious, always alert, was on her traces just in time to see her mounted on a stout horse, behind Foster. With a yell of rage, she pursued the lovers, and gave the alarm to the laird, who, with a few well-mounted followers, pressed hard upon the fugitives. Foster, seeing that his horse could not hold out long with its double burden, struck out of the beaten track, towards the shore of Solway, and in a fit of desperation forced the animal through the tide, about a mile below Garriestone, where there was a deep quicksand. The horse, exhausted by his previous exertion, sunk in the sand, beyond the chance of extrication; the lover, by a desperate exertion of strength, contrived to bear his lovely burden to the opposite shore; but the effects of terror, and of the intense cold to which she had been subjected, proved too much for her delicate frame, and she expired on the banks of the stream before assistance could be procured. Her father, Peter Graham, who had been in Cumberland that day, was passing near Garriestone at the time the accident happened, and hastened to the spot with some other passers-by to offer assistance, little thinking of the scene that awaited him. The first words that reached his ear, were, "She's deid, puir lassie!" "Wha'st' ye?" exclaimed Peter, and a cold shudder came over him when he recognised Foster among the group. A gleam of moonlight glanced upon the features of the corpse, and with a loud cry of agony the wretched father threw himself beside the body of his daughter, exclaiming, "My bairn! my puir bairn!"—they were the last rational words he ever uttered—he rose a maniac. Early in the morning, a neighbour of Peter, going towards the shore, met the old man returning homewards on his donkey, carrying something large and apparently heavy before him. "Hollo, Peter! what hae ye gotten there?" "Whist! whist!" answered the old man, holding up his finger in a warning attitude, "it's oor Katy, puir thing; she's had a lang ride, an' she's sleepin' gaye soond." The old man's eye brightened as he patted the cheek of the corpse affectionately. "She's a guid and a bonny lass, oor Kate; but od, man, feel how cold her bit cheek is! I wuss she wad wauken, for it's a sair fash to hand her on the cuddy."

We will leave the imagination of the reader to picture the remorseful pang that wrung the proud heart of Elspeth, when the two victims of her misguided passions arrived at the cottage; and the grief of poor Janet, when she heard that her beloved sister, her only friend, had been so suddenly and dreadfully torn from her for ever. The hand of affliction had been heavy on Elspeth Graham; sorely had she been stricken, but her pride was not yet humbled; she had not yet drained the cup to the dregs. Time moved on—seven years had passed, and Peter Graham was still an imbecile. Elspeth still maintained her haughty and imperious bearing, but sore had been the struggle between her woman's heart and her proud spirit; conscience had been busy within, and the wrinkles that thickly furrowed her brow, spoke of premature old age, of a spirit writhing under its sufferings, and so coming to complain. Poor Foster had disappeared almost immediately after the sad fate of his Kate. It was supposed that he had gone to foreign parts, but no certain accounts had been received of him.

One night, Elspeth Graham lay tossing and tumbling in bed, restless and wearied, but afraid to yield to the influence of sleep, from which the fearful colouring lent by a troubled conscience to her dreams, had already awakened her. It was a stormy night; the moon was high in the heavens, but it was only at intervals that a transient gleam of her light broke through the rifted clouds, which drove fast and furiously over her orb, their dark shadows chasing each other over the earth, and as they flitted past the lattice of the cottage, seeming like the gigantic spirits of evil in pursuit of their prey. Elspeth lay and listened to the rushing wind, and her dark spirit conjured up a thousand horrors from the commotion of the elements; alas! what was their warning to that within her own breast! The howling of the wind seemed to her conscience-stricken ear like the wailings and threatnings of departed spirits, and the bright clear moon every now and then glancing into her room, reminded her of an eye that never slumbers, that can pierce through the thickest gloom, and penetrate the depths of the darkest heart. While in this state of nervous excitement, she heard a hesitating step near the door, then a sound as of human groanings, and then again all was still. When she raised her head again from the bed-clothes under which she had buried it, she listened anxiously and breathlessly, but nothing was to be heard but the rushing wind and the pelted rain. The next gleam of moonlight, however, showed her a human figure standing under the tree that overhung her window, and apparently looking into the room. This sight was too much for her already over-

excited nerves, and with a loud scream she sank upon the bed, calling for assistance. Her cries awakened poor Peter, to whom she told the cause of her alarm, and ordered him to go and see who the intruder might be. The old man went out, and, after a short absence, returned with a joyous smile upon his countenance: "Eh, Elsie, woman! here's honest Frank Foster come to see oor Katy. I askit him to come in, but he wadna. He's standin' yonder twirling round on his toes like a peerie." "What gar'd ye ask him in, ye auld fule? Let me won at him, an' I'll send him aff in a hurry," and the infuriated woman started up, lantern in hand, to put her threat in execution. "Be aff wi' ye, ye graceless loon," she cried; "wha is't ye're for rimmin' awa' wi' neist?" To this tirade no answer was returned: she flashed her light full upon the figure, gave one wild scream, and fell to the ground in convulsions. It was indeed Frank Foster she had seen, but he was hanging a lifeless corpse from the arm of the tree, his face pale and ghastly, and his eyes fixed in the glare of death. Round his neck was the ribbon which Kate had worn on the night of her death.

Elspeth Graham was carried raving to her bed; in the wildness of delirium, her memory wandered to past scenes: "Save me! save me!" she cried; "I didn't drown her! What's the man staring at? I didn't put the knife in his hand, Katy, woman! Bring us some water to wash out this bluid!" She continued raving on thus unconnectedly for some hours, till at length nature, worn out, gave up the contest, and she expired of sheer exhaustion.

Thus miserably perished Elspeth Graham, an example of the fatal effects of unbridled passion and overweening pride and ambition. Of the other actors in this sad tale, little remains to be told. Janet, true to her first love, died unmarried a few months before the date of the commencement of our story; and poor Peter, happy in his unconsciousness of present and past sorrow, lived on for many years in an ideal world of his own, still fancying himself at times visited by those whom he had loved in earlier and happier days.

FOUCHE AND THE FRENCH POLICE.

Of all the extraordinary men who were raked up from the obscurity of private life during the French revolution, and amidst its storms carried to power and eminence, there is no one whose name is more notorious than that of "the crafty and sagacious" Fouché. As the parent and organiser of that terrible engine of oppression, the political police and espionage or spy system, he exercised an influence in the different phases of that extraordinary drama, secondary only to that of its greatest hero, Napoleon Bonaparte, and ultimately subversive even of his throne and dynasty. With matchless art and cunning he shared in the downfall of no friends or patrons: the Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Kingdom, were all swept away, but Fouché stood immovable, and in the last great shock surprised even those best acquainted with him, by securing the smiles and confidence of the gaining party.

It is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, that, after his long career of intrigue was closed, and when he had withdrawn into what was to him a gloomy retirement, he took up his pen and composed his own memoirs, which were published in Paris, in 1824, after his death. Without the avowals he himself volunteers of the policy he pursued through life, it would have been difficult to have placed implicit reliance on the relations respecting him made by many of his contemporaries, who were in most instances his enemies. But he has left a picture of himself so perfect in all its parts, and bearing, what may seem almost impossible, such marks of candour about it, that his foes could add little to its revolting details.

He tells us that his father was a privateer, though his family was respectable. He himself was designed for the sea, but he had an inclination for teaching, and the revolution found him a prefect in the college of Nantes, "which shows at least," says he, "that I was neither very ignorant nor a fool." That city sent him as a representative to the National Convention, from which he draws the very natural inference, that he possessed the confidence of its revolutionary inhabitants. He was a participator in the bloody acts of that assembly, including the execution of Louis XVI. and his queen; and in the provinces he exercised a mission wherewith he was entrusted to seize, to slay, and to confiscate, in a manner to gain the approbation of the Jacobins. At length he drew the attention of Barras; and having gained his confidence, he was put in the way of making himself easy on the score of wealth, by government contracts and timely speculations in the funds.

But although the possession of money was every way agreeable to the feelings of Fouché, it was not alone sufficient to satisfy the cravings of his restless spirit. A high political employment was the object of his ambition; and after a preliminary embassy to the Cisalpine Republic, he at last obtained his object by being nominated to the ministry of police under the

Directory, in August 1797. Previous to his appointment to this department of the government, it had been held as of little importance. "The demagogues of the Convention had little need of a regular system of the kind. Every affiliated club of Jacobins supplied them with spies and with instruments of their pleasure. The Directory stood in a different situation. They had no general party of their own, and maintained their authority by balancing the moderates and democrats against each other. They therefore were more dependent upon the police than their predecessors."

Under Fouché an immediate activity was imparted to the functions of minister of police, which for a time maintained the tottering authority of the Directory. Their enemies, the Royalists and the Jacobins, the extremes of two perfectly opposite parties, were placed under an active surveillance, and their most secret designs ascertained and frustrated. Spies and informers were disseminated amongst them, and arrests and banishments multiplied. In a government where force and terror were the main ingredients of power, a secret and irresponsible tribunal, armed with unlimited authority, became its most dreaded and potent engine. But even when Fouché appeared labouring most sedulously for "the five kings of the Luxembourg," as the Directors were derisively styled, his deep and calculating mind foresaw how short would be their reign; and even at a distance his intrigues were commenced, to avoid the consequences of their overthrow. Whilst Bonaparte was yet in Egypt, he secured the good graces of Josephine, by largesses, which her expensive habits rendered peculiarly agreeable to her. By his emissaries he was early informed of the projected return of the general from his unfortunate expedition to the East, and his influence was thrown into the scale to forward his views on the supreme government of his country. The revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which raised Napoleon to the Consulate, received a helping hand from Fouché; and Bonaparte has himself confessed, in his *Memoirs* dictated at St. Helena, that without his assistance it could not have been effected. He obtained the reward he contemplated; and whilst his patron Barras was ignominiously expelled from office, Fouché retained his portfolio of the police under the new administration.

The great object of the high police was to obtain information upon all matters connected with the safety of the person and government of the First Consul. Paris and all France were filled with the discontented, and plots were incessantly hatching to overthrow the existing order of things. The mind of Bonaparte was so ill at ease in his new supremacy, as to be never free from suspicions. He thought that even Fouché, with all his army of spies, was incapable of getting intelligence of every danger that threatened. He therefore instituted four distinct departments for the transacting of this branch of business. There was the police of the palace under Durée and his aides-de-camp; the police of the gendarmes, under Savary; the police of the prefecture, under Dubois; and the ministry of the police, under Fouché. All of these had their separate establishments, their respective spies and informers, and their peculiar agents. Each of them made every day its particular report to the First Consul on what was doing, what was said, what was thought. This was what he called feeling the pulse of the republic. Under this system the head of each department became eager to exceed his fellows in the multiplicity of the details he furnished to the anxious mind of the First Consul. It was necessary for them to make a report; and when nothing of consequence was ascertained, the most ridiculous fables were manufactured. The conversations of the dining-room, the salon, the café, the mess, the pot-house, the hovel, were all submitted to the scrutiny of Napoleon, who often flew into a rage at the nonsense that was brought before him. Yet the consequences of the duty imposed upon these ministers were deplorable. Doubts and suspicions were urged against individuals, if facts were not at hand to substantiate any specific charges; and the fortune and freedom of every inhabitant were at the mercy of the most depraved of the human race.

As the minister of a military despot, Fouché wielded the most terrible engine for maintaining his power that has been known in modern times. Though he had competitors in the art, none of them could be compared in efficiency and judgment to him. His spy system embraced all classes of the community. Josephine, the wife of Bonaparte, was in his pay at the rate of a thousand francs (about £42) a-day, and Bourrienne, his private secretary, received 25,000 francs (£1,000) a-month, for the information they communicated concerning the words and actions of the First Consul himself. Bonaparte was frequently astonished at what to him seemed the preternatural acumen of his police minister, being perfectly unsuspecting that he was himself exposed to the system he directed against others.

In one part of his memoirs, Fouché states that he revived an old maxim of the police, that three persons could not meet together and speak indiscreetly on public affairs, without its being known in a few hours to the police. He adds, "It is certain that I had the address of spreading abroad the belief, that wherever four individuals were together, one was certain to be in my pay." What a dreadful system does this admission unfold! The most intimate relations of friendship and consanguinity were insufficient to secure confidence. Social meetings were at an end, when no one knew to whom he might venture to open his mouth. Even in the state prisons, spies were introduced, suffering apparently under the grievances of tyranny, but in reality to gain the confidence of their fellow-prisoners, and then betray and immolate them. Not only in the capital, but in every town and village of France, was this dreadful system in force; and the unwary, and in many instances the innocent, were made the victims of villains, who earned their detestable wages by inciting them to some foolish exclamation or inconsiderate toast. The princes of the royal blood themselves, at that time exiles, were

under espionage by Fouché, and three of the most distinguished of the ancient nobility performed the part of spies on their "legitimate" monarch and his family.

The enormous expenses necessarily caused by the extensive operations of Fouché in bribing spies, were sustained from sources equally flagitious and hurtful to the community. His main resource was licences. One individual alone, who took a lease of a gaming-house, paid three thousand francs a-day to Fouché. Immense sums were also collected from passports, for no one could stir a foot without a passport; to obtain which, it was necessary to produce various certificates, such as of birth, parentage, and good behaviour, and to have the most minute details as to personal appearance inserted, so that no mistake might be made by the numerous agents through whose hands the unlucky traveller had to pass. Add to all this the fines and gratuities paid to the police-office, the bribes and douceurs given to its managers, altogether producing a fund more than sufficient for the purposes for which it was required, and enabling Fouché, at the termination of his functions, to deliver to Napoleon above two millions of francs as a surplus.

In a government so suspicious and jealous as Napoleon's, not only was all freedom of thought, speech, or action, denied to the people generally, but even the army, the groundwork and main stay of his sway, was watched by innumerable spies. The following is, perhaps, one of the most vile transactions for which modern historians will have to blush in recording.—It appears that four wretched individuals, the chief of whom was named Céracchi, entered into a conspiracy against the First Consul, and they had as an associate a man called Harrel. This latter personage came to Bourrienne to relate the plot, who, having communicated with the First Consul, instructed Harrel how he should encourage the parties to proceed in their design, so that a real and substantial conspiracy might be got up, and prevented the moment previous to execution. This was a scheme peculiarly agreeable to Bonaparte, as it not only afforded the means of increasing his interest amongst the soldiers and people, by exciting their indignation and sympathy, but also formed the pretext for increased severity on the part of the police. He was therefore much rejoiced at so fair an opportunity of obtaining an undoubted plot, and, in the joy of his heart, he told Bourrienne not to say a word to Fouché, to whom he would prove he knew more of police than he did. This injunction of course Bourrienne had secret reasons for disobeying, and much to the annoyance of Napoleon, Fouché soon related to him all the particulars. However, Bourrienne still continued the negotiation with Harrel, though, from the delay that occurred, it seemed difficult to get the conspirators "up to the sticking point." Napoleon and his secretary began to fear that the affair was about to blow off, when at length Harrel appeared to inform them that he had got all the particulars arranged, but that they had no money to buy arms. In order that the assassins might not want such essential instruments in their designs on the life of the Consul, his private secretary furnished them with the necessary sums! The remainder of the disgraceful tale it is scarcely necessary to relate. The scene of operation was to be the Opera House, and, on the appointed night, Napoleon entered his box with a calmness altogether inimitable, the miserable wretches concerned in the plot having been arrested a few moments before in the lobby. They were led off to prison, and thence to the guillotine; whilst Harrel was named commandant of the fortress of Vincennes, where he had afterwards the satisfaction of handing over the Duke d'Enghien to a more veritable scene of assassination.*

When the murder of that unfortunate prince took place, Fouché was not in the ministry of police, otherwise his sagacious mind would probably have pointed out to Napoleon not only the wickedness, but, what was of more weight with him, the impolicy, of the step. As it was, he declared his disapprobation, and in his autobiography has claimed for himself the authorship of those remarkable words which were repeated on the occasion—"It is more than a crime; it is a political fault." As he has in another place related an anecdote to prove his own ready-wittedness, it would be perhaps unfair not to give it, as he seems anxious to enter into a competition on this score with his rival in finesse and intrigue, the far-famed Talleyrand. At a council, Fouché was maintaining that a proposal made by Napoleon, then Emperor, was impossible. "What!" exclaimed Bonaparte in a fury, "a veteran of the revolution use a term so pusillanimous! You, sir, to maintain that a thing is impossible! You who have seen Louis XVI. bow his neck to the executioner, who have seen an arch-duchess of Austria, a queen of France, mending her stockings, whilst she was preparing for the scaffold—you, in fine, who see yourself a minister, when I am emperor of the French, should never have on his tongue the word impossible." To this vehement harangue Fouché replied, with an insinuating grace, "I should have remembered that your majesty had taught us that the word impossible is not French."

Upon the establishment of the Empire, Fouché had been again appointed minister of police, and, in common with many others of Napoleon's instruments, raised to nobility, under the title of Duke of Otranto. The same kind of intrigues, the same demoralising espionage, now characterised his administration. A daring manoeuvre he attempted in 1810, to open a negotiation with England unknown to Napoleon, caused his abrupt dismissal from office; and after a sudden flight to Italy, he returned to his estate of Ferrières, where he continued in close seclusion under the watchful eye of his successor in the police administration, Savary Duke of Rovigo. Here occurred what was to him rather an odd incident. He addressed a memorial to Napoleon on the subject of the projected campaign in Russia, and waiting on the emperor with it in person, he was surprised at his remark—"Ah, I knew you were preparing a paper for me, Monsieur le Duc." As Fouché had taken particular pains that no one should

have an inkling of his intention, he was puzzled to know how Napoleon had heard of it. At length he recollected that a man had one day got admission into his cabinet on pretence of speaking to him on behalf of a treaty which must have seen the letters "V. M. L. et R." (the initial letters of the words *Votre Majesté Impériale et Royale*) in the writing on which he was engaged at the time. This was a spy of Savary, who thence concluded that Fouché was addressing the emperor, and apprised him accordingly. The circumstance would not have been worth noticing, if Fouché had not expressed his regret at the circumstance of his being once in his life deceived. From the anger of Fouché, and the triumph of Savary also, it may be judged what contemptible and trivial details must have frequently engaged the attention of Napoleon and his mighty police ministers.

When the Duke of Otranto retired from office, he carried with him a colossal fortune, if we are to trust the account of Savary, who was his bitter enemy. "His income assigned to Fouché, as Duke of Otranto," he says, "amounted to a clear sum of ninety thousand francs besides the senatorship of Aix in Provence, worth upwards of thirty thousand more. He had, besides, a revenue of two hundred thousand francs arising from savings in the nine years of his administration, and the whole course of which he was altogether in the receipt of an income of nine hundred thousand francs (£37,500 per annum), all derived from the emperor's bounty." Under these circumstances, it will not be wondered that Fouché had taken care of himself.

The subject of this memoir was with Murat who committed the unpardonable act of forsaking Napoleon in his adversity, and he boasts that he made him pay him monies which he claimed from the emperor. He was once more made minister of police by Napoleon on his return from Elba, in which position he maintained a treacherous correspondence with Louis XVIII., virtue of which he retained his post upon the restoration. To his intrigues after the battle of Waterloo may be in a great measure attributed the complete depression of the Napoleon dynasty, and the capture of the fallen emperor by the English fleet. Nothing could pass the rage and astonishment of his former associates when they found Fouché triumphantly riding out to storm which had wrecked all of them. One of his leagues, Carnot, wrote to him, to ask what place of defence was assigned him by the police of the king, in the words: "Traitor! where do you order me to go, where Fouché briefly replied—"Where you choose, be lie!" With this insolent repartee, let us close notice of the most skilful schemer who perhaps ever existed, Joseph Fouché.

MORSELS FROM OWEN FELLTHAM

[Owen Felltham lived in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. and wrote a volume entitled, "Resolves, Divine and Moral, which for many years enjoyed a high popularity, on account of the great amount of good sense which it contained, but which became old-fashioned and fell out of notice. The following extracts from the work.]

NO MAN CAN BE GOOD TO ALL.

I never yet knew any man so bad, but some thought him honest and afforded him love; nor any so good, but some have thought him evil and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are honest to some; and few, again, are so just, as they seem not to some unequal: either the ignorance of the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself ways appear alike to all. In some, nature hath introduced a disparity; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgment; and in some, accident is the cause of disposition to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variable bodies' humours; or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions; and loves knows not why. There are impulsive privacies which urge us to a liking, even against the parliament of the two Houses, reason, and the common sense. As if there were some hidden beauty, of a more netic force than all that the eye can see; and that more powerful at one time than another. Unvered influences please us now, with what we sometimes condemn. I have come to the same man hath now welcomed me with a free expression of affection and courtesy, and another time hath left me unloved at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been sure of his sound affection; and have found this, notwithstanding neglect, but an indisposition, or a mind busied within. Occasion reins the most stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how.

APPREHENSION IN WRONGS.

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our thoughts, that were never meant so by the best of men that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong is more than the sharpest part of the wrong done, by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, to come the true and first actors. It is not good, in terms of discourtesy, to dive into a man's mind, by his own comment; nor to stir upon a doubtful certainty without it, unless we have proofs that carry us and conviction with them. Words do sometimes from the tongue that the heart did neither hate nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury many times begin one; and, after that, repeat misconceptions. In things that may have a sense, it is good to think the better was quietness shall we still both keep our friends and quietness.

MEDITATION.

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass; while in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his

* See *Memoirs* of Bourrienne, vols. iii. and iv., French edition, Paris and London, 1831.

* Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, vol. iv. p. 331.

is business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish, there execution follows sound advisements; so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive, and embryos. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fruitful; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy, and doing; nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet, that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking.

THE LONDON CLUB HOUSES.

[From "The Great Metropolis," a work which we have already recommended to the notice of our readers.]

The clubs of London is a subject which occupies much of the attention of the middle and upper classes of metropolitan society. They undoubtedly exercise a very considerable, though it may be an imperceptible, influence over the minds of persons belonging to those classes. Almost every man of any note is a member of one or other of these clubs: some are members of two or three of them. A constant interchange of sentiment on all important topics of the day takes place among the members of the leading clubs. "The clubs say so and so," is an expression we hear every day of our lives. Few, however, but the members themselves, know any thing, beyond the mere name, of these associations. They may be divided into two classes—those where some private person engages to furnish the members with certain conveniences, on their paying him a certain sum as entrance-money, and a specified annual subscription. These clubs are called Subscription Clubs. The other class of clubs are those in which a certain number of gentlemen join together, build or rent a house for themselves, engage servants, and procure every thing they eat and drink at the price charged by the tradesmen. The latter class of clubs is by far the most numerous.

Of the subscription clubs, excluding of course Crookford's, which will come in more properly under the head "Gaming Houses," Brookes's is the most noted. It was established by a Mr Brookes, keeper of a respectable hotel in St James's Street, where it still is. It dates its origin as far back as 1770. It was, and still is, composed of men of liberal politics. George IV. when Prince Regent, Fox, Sheridan, and almost all the other most distinguished Whigs of the latter part of the last century, were members of Brookes's.

When Brookes's was originally established, and for many years after, it was a great place for gambling. Many a hundred thousand pounds have been lost there from first to last. It was the leading place in the metropolis for gambling, until eclipsed by Crookford's. In 1799, enormous sums were lost and won at Brookes's. That year, no fewer than four pigeons made their appearance, so well feathered, that it was supposed their united fortunes were not much short of £2,000,000. In less than twelve months, neither of them had a farthing. One of them, a young nobleman, was obliged, within a year of his debut as a gambler in Brookes's, to borrow eighteenpence of the waiter to pay for the carriage of a present of game, which had been sent him by a friend in the country, who was not aware of his altered pecuniary circumstances.

White's Club, St James's Street, is one of the oldest in London. It and Brookes's are rivals. Its constitution is essentially the same, and the terms of admission in both are twenty guineas, and the yearly subscription ten guineas. In the first instance, as in Brookes's, there was a good deal of gambling in White's, but that was in a great measure put an end to by the establishment of Crookford's. White's is celebrated for its good dinners, and for the friendly feeling which exists among its members.

Boodle's Club is also in St James's Street. Its constitution is so similar to that of Brookes's and White's, that it is unnecessary to describe it. The principal difference between the three clubs is, that, while the other two are liberal, Boodle's is essentially a Tory club. The number of members is under five hundred. The house is small, but there is much more comfort in the interior than one would expect from its external appearance. The members are particularly attached to it; they are positive there is no club like it in London—not out of London either. It is a club of which one hears little, but the members are everlastingly talking about it themselves; and they are quite surprised that it is not the universal topic of conversation. It is celebrated for the excellence of its steaks and chops, which, with most men, is a very great recommendation.

These three are the leading subscription clubs. I come now to the second class of clubs. As already mentioned, they are very numerous. I shall confine myself to the leading ones, not taking them either according to their relative importance, or the date of their origin, but at perfect random. The principal clubs, then, of this class are—the Carlton Club, the Reform Club, the Athenæum Club, the Clarence Club, the Oxford and Cambridge University Club, the United University Club, the Oriental Club, the Travellers' Club, the Union Club, the United Service

Club, the Junior United Service Club, and the Windham Club.

An idea of the constitution and character of these clubs may be obtained from the following particulars regarding the following associations:—The Athenæum Club, corner of Pall Mall, is one of the best known institutions in the metropolis. The number of members is about one thousand three hundred. The terms of admission are twenty guineas, and six guineas for the yearly subscription. The club was "instituted for the association of individuals, known for their scientific or literary attainments, artists of eminence in any class of the fine arts, and noblemen and gentlemen distinguished as liberal patrons of science, literature, or the arts." Such are the words made use of in describing the objects of the institution, by those with whom it had its origin. The qualification of admission consists, of course, in the party's coming under either of the above designations. With the view of securing the annual introduction into the club of a certain number of persons of distinguished eminence in science, literature, or the arts, the committee are vested with the power of electing nine such persons every year. Those who put down their names in the list of candidates are balloted for by the members the same as in other clubs. To get admitted into the Athenæum is considered a great honour, owing partly to the constitution of the club, and partly to the great difficulty of obtaining admission. It is computed, that, for some time past, nine out of every ten candidates have been blackballed.

The house in which the Athenæum Club meet was built some six or seven years ago. The expense of the edifice alone was £35,000, while nearly £5,000 more were required for furnishing it: it is a very large and elegant building. The interior is unusually splendid. I went through it with Mr Galt, two or three years ago—the last time, I believe, he ever was in it. Nothing could exceed the taste and judgment with which the whole of the interior was laid out. Some idea will be formed of the way in which it is fitted up, when I mention that, in addition to £5,000 for furniture, the plate, linen, china, glass, and cutlery, cost £25,000. The library alone is valued at £4,000, and the stock of wine which is kept in the cellars is supposed to be worth on an average from £3,500 to £4,000. After making every deduction for tear and wear, the property of the club, including of course the house, is valued at £147,000, while the amount of its debts is only about £13,500, £12,000 of the sum being borrowed from the Phoenix Fire Office, at four per cent., and the remaining £1,500 consisting of the claims of tradesmen. The club has thus a virtual balance in its favour of about £133,500. The trustees of the Athenæum Club, are the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Martin Archer Shee, Lord Yarborough, Mr John Wilson Croker, and Mr Gilbert Davies. The yearly income of the club is £9,000, and the expenditure is about the same.

The Travellers' Club, which, to speak in "traveling" phraseology, is bounded by the Athenæum Club on the right hand, and the Reform Club on the left hand, on the south side of Pall Mall, consists of upwards of seven hundred members. The leading qualification is having travelled a certain distance beyond the Pyrenees; however much farther, the better. Some men glory in one thing, some in another. The members of the Travellers' Club glory in having travelled, and in nothing else. Not to have travelled, is, in their view, to be nothing; to have made a tour beyond the limits which constitute the ground of eligibility to their club, is every thing. The countries which the various members have visited in their time, and the adventures they have had, sometimes with the natives, and sometimes with wild beasts, are the subjects of everlasting conversation with them. Not a day passes in which whole volumes of travels, in every quarter and country of the world, are not spoken in their place of meeting.

The United Service Club, Pall Mall, is one of the most flourishing institutions of the kind in town. The class of members of whom it is composed will be at once inferred from its designation. The qualification for admission is the having attained to a certain status in either service. The house is a very handsome one externally, and is splendidly furnished and fitted up in the interior. Including the furniture, plate, &c., the house has cost little short of £30,000.

The United Service Club boasts of a greater number of members, with one or two exceptions, than any other similar institution in the metropolis. The number is about one thousand five hundred and fifty. The entrance-money is unusually high, being £30. The annual subscription is six guineas. Notwithstanding the amount of the entrance-money, there are always a great many more candidates for admission than can be accepted. In one very important point, the United Service Club has a superiority over all the rest: it has the best cellar. According to the last estimate, the stock of wine is worth £7722. This looks well. A cellar so amply replenished must be no small recommendation to the club. It goes far to account for the extraordinary anxiety manifested by certain gentlemen to be admitted as members. The Junior United Service Club, Charles Street, St James's Square, is also limited, as the name implies, to the members of the two services.

In both the United Service Clubs, the never-failing topics of conversation are, the army and navy lists, promotions, half-pay, full-pay, and so forth. I would

not wish my greatest enemy, provided—for I do not know him—he do not belong to either of the services, a severer punishment, than to sit and listen to the conversation, from morning till night, at one of these clubs.

Such are the leading clubs of London. Of minor ones there is a great number, but it would be unwise to devote more space to them. Every club has one or more rules and regulations peculiar to itself, but there are some rules and regulations which are common to them all. However much, for instance, they may differ in other matters, they all agree in this, "That no member of the club shall, on any account, bring a dog into the club-house," a regulation, by the way, which keeps many gentlemen at a distance when they would be in the club-house; for some gentlemen occasionally find it more difficult than most people imagine, to get rid of their dogs. In all of the clubs, with the exception of the first three, it is one of the leading rules, that "no game of hazard shall, on any account, be ever played, nor shall dice be used in the club-house." It is another, that no higher stake than half-guinea points shall ever be played for. All the clubs open at nine o'clock in the morning for the reception of members, and close at two on the following morning. One very wholesome regulation common to the clubs is, that "all members are to pay their bills, for every expense they incur in the club, before they leave the house, the steward having positive orders not to open accounts with any individual." I am sure this will be found at all the clubs an indispensable regulation—so indispensable, indeed, that there would be no managing matters without it.

PASTORAL LIFE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

THE style in which the farmers and shepherds of the pastoral counties of Selkirk and Peebles spend their lives, is not much like the pastoral life of poetry, in which gentle and contemplative youths, with crook and pipe, tend flocks amidst landscapes ever fair, and in weather ever serene, knowing nothing of snow-storms, adders, the sheep-fly, or any other of the ills that mutton is heir to; yet it is not without some features of a pleasing, and it may almost be said, poetical kind. It has been described with force and truth in the writings of James Hogg. James was born a shepherd, spent the better part of his life in that humble occupation, and knew well the anxieties and cares, the sorrows and pleasures, of the shepherd's life. I believe he was not a first-rate shepherd; at least, I have the authority of some of his contemporaries, and those whose hirsels marched with his, for saying so; but though he was, as they alleged, "over fond o' the fiddle an' the lasses, an' o' writin' blethers o' ballants an' rhymes, to attend weel to his business," he was allowed by all "to be clever among sheep, an' could do weel when he liked." This is quite enough; his sketches of pastoral life are true to nature, and form a striking contrast to those of which we have been speaking. Instead of an Arcadian landscape, he has the shepherd's cot with its "twisting reek," and a mountain stream, now gliding peacefully along, with the heather-bell or modest primrose blooming upon its banks, and now dashing over rocks fringed with the bracken and the hazel; the moorland wild, where many a "martyr's moss-grey stone" speaks of the devotion of our ancestors; the lake gleaming like a star; and it is St Mary's, the lovely, the beautiful St Mary's, with Bowerhope Law guarding it as a father would do his only daughter; and far in the distance is the lofty and "stern Clokmor," whose brows

Are visored with the moving cloud.

This is true Scottish scenery, and his shepherd is the true Scottish shepherd; no exotic sighing among flowers, and tending sheep whose ears are adorned with ribbons, and whose necks are musical with bells. He makes him, with his faithful colly, face "the black weather storm," and the whirling snow-drift, and bring his innocent charge to some place of safety—the beil or the stell. He watches them with a parent's care, and,

Taught by the power that pities him,
He learns to pity them.

Amid the green solitudes of Ettrick, in Meggetdale, and among the bonny Braes of Yarrow, is pastoral life in its truest character to be found. The principal proprietor is the Duke of Buccleuch, who rarely, if ever, changes his tenants; and the tenants, imitating the example of their amiable landlord, seldom change their shepherds; thus, the same race occupies these districts which has occupied them for centuries; and the names of Scott, Laidlaw, Brydon, and Anderson, which prevail at present, are to be seen on almost every tombstone in the churchyards of Ettrick, Yarrow, and St Mary's.

The farmers are generally intelligent, and their style of living is superior to that of many in more inland districts; their amusements are fishing with the rod and the spear, hunting and shooting; and in each and all of these they excel. I believe they have no particular aversion to the bottle. 'Twere better otherwise; but let it pass. Their houses are exceedingly comfortable; and it is no rarity to see *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*, with the works of some of our best authors, in the recess of their parlour. The fine arts, too, music,

painting, and poetry, are not forgotten. Here is the piano; and a lovely girl, whose portrait I could draw, but dare not, because she has forbidden me, will play "The Flowers of the Forest," or perhaps a modern waltz. There is her album, and in looking over its contents you will see that she can handle a pencil and measure a sonnet. The mountain poets are its principal contributors. You see the self-taught scrawl of Hogg—subject the Fairies; the coarse fist of Henry Reddell, a tender song—for none can write more tenderly than he—a girl lamenting the fate of the slain on the field of Culloden; and the fine hand of the ingenious but ill-fated William Knox, speaking of the sorrows of "The Childless Widow," whose "home was once on Yarrow Braes." Nor must the handiwork of the matron be unnoticed: she, in her early years, was taught the accomplishments of the day. Step into the dining-room, and examine the pictures—a specimen of her art—which adorn its walls. You will see a pretty model of Melrose Abbey, in a neat gilt frame; a basket of artificial flowers, embracing every kind from the heather-bell to the rose, the garden's pride; a rustic temple (a beautiful specimen of needlework) to the memory of an old forest shepherd, who died aged eighty-five, and his grandchild, who died at sixteen, with the following epitaph:—

Death plies not the aged head,
Nor manhood fresh and green;
But blends the hairs of eighty-five!
With ringlets of sixteen.

The shepherds are, with less education than their masters, almost equally intelligent. Their reading is confined principally to newspapers and works on divinity and theology; and the stranger, in conversing with them, would be astonished at their knowledge of political history, and confounded at their comprehension of the more abstruse doctrines of our faith. They have debating societies, which are well attended, where they discuss subjects that are prescribed, with a talent and ingenuity quite astonishing. Not the least distinguished as an essayist and debater was William Elliot, a name which I have pleasure in writing here; and I do so to acknowledge a debt of gratitude I owe to him who taught my boyish mind many a moral lesson which has not been lost. He, like many of the flower of our Scottish shepherds, has emigrated, and is reaping with his family the fruits of honest industry in the Canadian forest.

Enter the shepherd's lowly cottage, and you will be delighted with the arrangements. His wife, with a little one in her arms, meets you at the inner door, and gives you a homely but kind welcome, and asks you to sit down on "the guidman's chair;" a clear peat-fire is at one end; on one side is an eight-day clock, and a neat and well-kept chest of drawers; on the other is the "bink," where crockery, knives, forks, and spoons, are arranged with every attention to order and effect; near the fire is the cradle, which the eldest child is rocking; opposite the fire, and running between wall and wall, are two close beds, which form a partition betwixt the space occupied by the family, and that where the milk, the girdel, and the family provisions, are kept; on a shelf above the window you will see a large Family Bible, not with gilded leaves and fine boards, as if for show, but covered with sheepskin, as best fitted for enduring the tear and wear of every-day use. Matthew Henry, Newton (not John, but Bishop), Doddridge, Harvey, and Boston, form the list of divines—Milton, Cowper, Thomson, and Burns, the list of poets; these are arranged upon the shelf where lies the Family Bible, and their well-mented boards and soiled leaves indicate frequent perusal. You rise to go, but as you must not go without tasting the shepherd's homely meal, a table is put before you; upon it is laid a cloth, white as the snow, which was spun by the guidwife, and bleached by her on the little green by the cottage door; and a home-made kebbuck and well-baked cakes, with milk warm from the cow, are put down; and who would refuse to eat—to eat and be thankful? At a later period of the day, when all is still in the glen save the sighing wind, or the wail of the plover, the voice of psalms will be heard to swell forth from artless lips in the lowly shoaling of the Scottish shepherd.

THE RING SHARPER.

THE Russians are rather a distinguished people for effecting ingenious frauds, and the following authentic anecdote may serve as an example that the reputation is not undeserved:—In the reign of Catharine II., the rage for magnificence among the Russian nobles was excessive, and the value of precious stones was enormously enhanced. While this passion was at its height, a stranger appeared at Moscow with a superb ring upon his finger. Immediately the eyes of all were dazzled, and more especially those of a wealthy nobleman, who was known to indulge his fancy for precious stones at any cost. The stranger was accosted by the Muscovite lord, and after some preliminary remarks on the beauty of his ring, he offered him a very large price for it, which was civilly refused, on the ground that he had no wish to part with it. This only increased the eagerness of the jewel-hunter, and at length the stranger, to evade his importunities, told him very frankly he would not sell it, because—the stones were not genuine! This declaration excited the astonishment of all present, but of none more than of the nobleman, who esteemed himself an accomplished connoisseur. He demanded to have the ring entrusted to him for a few days, upon depositing a certain sum of money, which being acceded to by the owner, he flew

from jeweller to jeweller, exhibiting the ring, and inquiring as to its genuineness. All agreed that the stones were pure and faultless; and with the certainty of this fact he returned to the stranger, who, receiving his ring quietly, put it in his waistcoat pocket. The negotiation now began afresh; the owner persisting in his refusal to sell, and the other continually rising in his offers. At length he offered a sum much above its real worth. "This ring," said the stranger, "is a token of friendship, but I am not rich enough to reject so large a sum as you offer for it. Yet this high offer is the very reason of my not complying. I repeat to you, the stones are false, and you are not acting as a man conscious of his actions in thus pressing to purchase my ring at so enormous a price." "If that be your only objection," replied the enthusiastic lord, "here, take the money (laying the bank-notes upon the table); and I call the gentlemen now present to bear witness that I voluntarily, and after due consideration, accept the bargain." The stranger took the money, and as he handed the ring to its purchaser, repeated the warning that the stones were false, and that he was still ready to annul the contract. The nobleman was too much overjoyed at his acquisition to heed this last avowal, but hastened home to banquet in secret upon his brilliant properties. But, alas! he soon found that the words of the stranger were too true. Instead of the genuine ring, a false one, in appearance exactly similar, had been substituted. The affair was brought into a court of justice, but as the seller proved, that, during the whole business, there was no question at all about genuine stones, that the purchaser expressly treated only for a false ring, and he on the other hand engaged only to sell a false ring, the judge pronounced in favour of the sharper. How the matter would have been treated in Westminster Hall or the Parliament House, is perhaps very doubtful, as no decision has been pronounced, or statute made, to meet so deep a case.

KNIFE-EATERS.

EVERY one knows that the itinerant jugglers who profess to swallow knives, never perform that feat in reality, but deceive the eyes of their visitors by dexterity of hand and skilful choice of position. There are, however, several authentic cases of knife-swallowing on record; and the deplorable consequences that have uniformly resulted, are alone sufficient to expose the chicanery of the jugglers. The most remarkable case of this kind, perhaps, that ever occurred, is that of John Cummings, who swallowed at various times within a few years upwards of thirty clasp-knives. The following particulars respecting Cummings's insane feats are abridged from a communication by Dr Marcet to the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

In the month of June 1799, John Cummings, an American sailor, about twenty-three years of age, being with his ship on the coast of France, and having gone on shore with some of his shipmates, about two miles from the town of Havre de Grace, he and his party directed their course towards a tent which they saw in a field, with a crowd of people round it. Being told that a play was acting there, they entered, and found in the tent a mountebank, who was entertaining the audience by pretending to swallow clasp-knives. Having returned on board, and one of the party having related to the ship's company the story of the knives, Cummings, after drinking freely, boasted that he could swallow knives as well as the Frenchman. He was taken at his word, and challenged to do it. Thus pressed, and though (as he candidly acknowledged in his narrative) "not particularly anxious to take the job in hand, he did not like to go against his word, and having a good supply of grog inwardly," he took his own pocket-knife, and on trying to swallow it, "it slipped down his throat with great ease, and by the assistance of some drink, and the weight of the knife," it was conveyed into his stomach. The spectators, however, were not satisfied with one experiment, and asked the operator "whether he could swallow more;" his answer was, "all the knives on board the ship;" upon which, three knives were immediately produced, which were swallowed in the same way as the former; and "by this bold attempt of a drunken man" (to use his own expressions), "the company was well entertained for that night." In the course of the two ensuing days, he was relieved of three of the four knives; but the fourth, as far as he was aware, remained in his stomach, though he never felt any inconvenience from it. After this great performance, he thought no more of swallowing knives for the space of six years.

In the month of March 1805, being then at Boston in America, he was one day tempted, while drinking with a party of sailors, to boast of his former exploits, adding, that he was the same man still, and ready to repeat his performance; upon which a small knife was produced, which he instantly swallowed. In the course of that evening he swallowed five more. The next morning crowds of visitors came to see him; and in the course of that day he was induced to swallow eight knives more, making in all fourteen.

This time, however, he paid dearly for his frolic; for he was seized the next morning with constant vomiting, and pain at his stomach, which made it necessary to carry him to Charleston hospital, where, betwixt that period and the 28th of the following month, he was again so fortunate as to be relieved of his burden.

The next day he sailed for France, on board a brig, with which he parted there, and embarked on board another vessel to return to America. But during her passage, the vessel, which was probably carrying on some illicit traffic, was taken by his Majesty's ship the Isis, of fifty guns, and sent to St John's, Newfoundland, where she was condemned, while he himself was pressed, and sent to England on board the Isis. One day, while at Spithead, where the ship lay some time, having got intoxicated, and having a usual renewed the topic of his former follies, he was once more challenged to repeat the experiment, and again complied, "disdaining," as he says, "to be worse than his word." This took place on the 4th December 1805, and in the course of that night he swallowed five knives. Next morning, the ship's company having expressed a great desire to see him repeat the performance, he complied with his usual readiness, and, "by the encouragement of the people, and the assistance of good grog," he swallowed that day, as he distinctly recollects, nine clasp-knives, some of which were very large; and he was afterwards assured, by the spectators, that he had swallowed four more, which, however, he declares he knew nothing about, being no doubt at this period of the business too much intoxicated to have any recollection of what was passing. This, however, is the last performance we have on record; it made a total of at least thirty-five knives, swallowed at different times, and we shall see that it was this last attempt which ultimately put an end to his existence.

On the following day, 6th of December, feeling much indisposed, he applied to the surgeon of the ship, Dr Lara, who, by a strict inquiry, satisfied himself of the truth of the above statement, and, as the patient himself thankfully observes, administered some medicines, and paid great attention to his case, but no relief was obtained. At last, about three months afterwards, having taken a quantity of oil, he felt the knives (as he expressed it) "dropping down his bowels;" after which, though he does not mention their being actually discharged, he became easier, and continued so till the 4th of June following (1806), when he vomited one side of the handle of a knife, which was recognised by one of the crew to whom it had belonged. In the month of November of the same year, he passed several fragments of knives, and some more in February 1807. In June of the same year, he was discharged from his ship as incurable; immediately after which he came to London, where he became a patient of Dr Babington, in Guy's Hospital. He was discharged after a few days, his story appearing altogether incredible, but was re-admitted by the same physician, in the month of August, his health during this period having evidently become much worse. It was probably at this time that the unfortunate sufferer wrote his narrative, which terminates at his second admission into the hospital. It appears, however, by the hospital records, that, on the 28th of October, he was discharged in an improved state; and he did not appear again at the hospital till September 1808, that is, after an interval of nearly a year since his former application. He now became a patient of Dr Curry, under whose care he remained, gradually and miserably sinking under his sufferings, till March 1809, when he expired, in a state of extreme emaciation.

In a later number of the same scientific journal in which the preceding account appeared, another case of knife-swallowing was related by Dr Barnes, a respectable physician of Carlisle, under whose eye the circumstances occurred:—William Dempster, a juggler, twenty-eight years of age, of a high complexion and sanguine temperament, came to Carlisle in November 1823, with the intention of exhibiting some tricks by sleight of hand; and on the evening of the 17th of the same month, when in a small inn in Botcher-gate, with a number of people about him, whom he was amusing, by pretending to swallow a table-knife, and in the act of putting the knife into his throat, he thought some person near him was about to touch his elbow, which agitated and confused him so much, that the knife slipped from his fingers, and passed down the gullet into the stomach. Immediately after the accident, he became dreadfully alarmed, was in great mental agony, and apprehended instantaneous death. The knife, when given to him, measured nine inches in length, and had a bone handle, which went first down into the stomach: the blade, which was not very sharp, was one inch in breadth. Medical assistance was soon procured, and several attempts were made to extract the knife; first, with the fingers alone, then with a pair of short-curved forceps, and afterwards by a pair of very long forceps, made for the occasion, but without success. The knife, indeed, could not be reached by any of these means, and nothing resembling it could be felt externally on the region of the stomach. His mind continued much depressed, though he had very little pain or uneasiness. He was encouraged by the medical attendants, and directed to be removed

quietly as possible to his lodgings, and to take nothing that might except a little cold water. He had some sleep, and next morning said he felt occasionally pain in his stomach; twelve ounces of blood were taken from his arm, and some medicine given to him. He afterwards complained of pain in the left shoulder, shooting across the chest to the stomach, and the blood-letting was repeated. A hard substance, which was believed to be the handle of the knife, could now be felt very distinctly, by pressing the fingers very gently on the umbilicus; slight pressure gave him considerable pain. Although his suffering was much less than could have been expected, his health became gradually impaired, and his strength reduced. He was able to walk about a little in the day, and could sleep in the night on his back, but could not lie on either side. He took some diluted sulphuric acid for two or three weeks, which was discontinued, as he thought it increased the pain in his stomach. His bowels were kept open; the evacuations were of a dark ferruginous colour, which probably arose from the decomposition of the knife: the pulse was very little affected, being generally between seventy and eighty in a minute. His diet consisted of soup, gruel, and meat, taken in small quantities. When the stomach was empty of food, the handle of the knife could be distinctly felt, extending from above downwards, by placing the hand very lightly on the abdomen, a little above the umbilicus; but a single cup of tea, or a little food of any kind, distended the stomach so much, that it entirely disappeared. He was frequently squeamish and sick at his stomach, and sometimes felt a severe twisting pain in that organ.

The case being a remarkable one, and of very rare occurrence, the patient was visited by a great number of medical men. All the professional men in Carlisle were consulted respecting him; and that nothing might be omitted that could benefit this unfortunate man, his case was stated to Sir Astley Cooper of London, Mr George Bell of Edinburgh, and a few others. As the great length of the knife would prevent the possibility of its passing the pylorus, or making the turns of the intestines, and it seemed improbable that the patient would live sufficiently long for it to be dissolved in the stomach, various means were suggested to extract it; for although Dempster had survived the first shock of swallowing the knife, and there was no risk of speedy destruction of life, the action of the gastric juice, or of any medicine that could be given, it was supposed, would be so slow, particularly upon the blade of the knife, that it was deemed advisable to extract it, if possible.

Another plan of treatment is that which was proposed by the surgeons of the Carlisle Dispensary, and was also recommended and sanctioned by one of the first surgeons in Europe; it was, that an incision should be made into the patient's stomach, and the knife extracted. The last report of the Carlisle Dispensary contains the following observations concerning Dempster:—"The surgeons of the Dispensary were unanimously agreed as to the best mode of treating this extraordinary case: they were of opinion that nothing but an operation could save the patient's life, but he could not be persuaded to submit to it." He remained in Carlisle until the 28th of December, when he left it, with the intention of proceeding to his friends at Hammersmith, in the neighbourhood of London. It is proper to remark, that his journey was neither recommended nor sanctioned by the medical officers of the Dispensary; it was contrary to their advice; they apprehended dangerous and fatal consequences from it, and anxiously wished him to continue in Carlisle. What they apprehended, did in reality happen. This unfortunate man was prevented from pursuing his journey farther than Middlewick in Cheshire, where he died on the 16th of January; inflammation and gangrene of the stomach having been produced by the irritation of the knife and the jolting of the conveyance in his journey. As Dempster died at a considerable distance from Carlisle, no authentic account of the dissection has been published.

A case very similar to the above occurred in Prussia in 1635, of which a very interesting account was written in Latin, by Dr Daniel Beckher of Dantzic, and published at Leyden in 1636. An incision was made into the stomach, and the knife extracted. Previous to the operation, the patient was to make use of a balsamic oil, called Spanish balsam, which they supposed would alleviate the pains of the stomach, and facilitate the healing of the wound. At the fourteenth day after the operation, the wound had healed, and the patient was restored to the best of health.

These cases may be warnings to jugglers how unsafe it is even to pretend to such a power as that of swallowing knives, since poor Dempster, in the midst of his imposition, was made the unwilling verifier of his own professions. They may at the same time tend to suppress that unwholesome and unnatural craving which the public evince for spectacles of this nature, by showing that there must either be in every instance deception, or else that the miserable creature whose performances they look upon, is sacrificing health, and even life, to pander to their vicious appetite. There are many sights presented to them in the same way, but of a very different character; some of them being not only entertaining but instructive. To these

no possible objection can exist. All of those, on the contrary, where a claim is laid to the performance of unnatural feats like knife-swallowing, ought either to be scouted as impostures, or shunned as abhorrent to the common feelings of humanity.

DIFFERENT REMUNERATIONS OF PROFESSIONS.

[As a specimen of the many useful lectures at present in the course of being delivered to the industrious classes in Edinburgh, we present the following abridgement of one, forming part of a course of Political Economy, by Dr Thomas Murray. We copy from the *Weekly Chronicle* newspaper, which regularly reports the various lectures delivered in Edinburgh.]

HAVING considered the science of Wages in a previous lecture, the doctor now entered upon a branch of the same subject on which the greatest prejudices are found to prevail, namely, the difference of wages that exists in different professions; for example, the great discrepancy that obtains between the remuneration given to a common mechanic and that given to a physician or lawyer. This discrepancy is well known to exist, but the principle which gives rise to it has not generally been understood. If all employments were equally agreeable, healthy, respectable, exposed to similar risks, and required the same degree of skill, ingenuity, and education, this discrepancy would not obtain, and wages would be the same in them all. If wages were, under these circumstances, higher for a time in one employment than in another, there would be an accession of hands to that employment; so that, by competition, wages would soon be reduced, and an equilibrium maintained. But, in point of fact, different employments vary exceedingly as to their agreeableness, healthiness, respectability, the risks to which they are liable, and the education and skill required of those who exercise them; and these varying circumstances necessarily occasion corresponding differences in the rate of wages.

The following are the principal circumstances which determine the different rates of wages in different employments:—1. The agreeableness or disagreeableness of the employments themselves. 2. The easiness or cheapness, or the difficulty and expense, of learning them. 3. The constancy or inconstancy of employment in them. 4. The small or great trust which must be reposed in those who exercise them; and, 5. The probability or improbability of success in them. Dr M. illustrated these positions at considerable length, and by a variety of examples.

I. The agreeableness or disagreeableness of the employments themselves. The rate of wages must obviously vary according to the variations in these circumstances. No man would follow a dirty and disagreeable profession if he were not, as it were, bribed to it by higher wages. A journeyman blacksmith, for example, seldom earns so much in twelve hours as a collier will do in six or eight. The blacksmith's work is not quite so dirty, is less dangerous, and is carried on in daylight, and above ground. The work of a collier, on the contrary, is dangerous, dirty, and disagreeable, is carried on under ground, and is not nearly so healthy; hence his wages must be higher, as they accordingly are, to compensate for all these drawbacks. If his wages were not higher, he would not be a collier, but follow some more agreeable, healthy, and less dangerous business. Honour makes a great part of the pay of many professions. The officers of the army and navy receive a comparatively small pecuniary compensation for their services; the consideration, dignity, and fascinations attached to the profession, forming, as it were, part of their salary. Were it not for their splendid uniforms, their importance in fashionable society, and perhaps their hope of glory, their wages would be much greater. Similar remarks are applicable to common soldiers and sailors, but the latter receive higher pay than the former, as they have no splendid uniform, as their work is dirtier, as, being confined to their ship, they have almost no opportunity of exciting the envy or admiration of their friends or the public. On the same principle many hundreds, nay, many thousand individuals, are anxious to undertake the duties, and perform the labour of senators in Parliament, not only without fee or reward, but at the expense of personal and pecuniary sacrifice; the honour, dignity, and eminence attached to the office, being considered a sufficient reward and compensation. To obtain a seat in Parliament is both very difficult and very expensive; and when a seat has been obtained, the duty is both most arduous and responsible. Yet, when a seat in Parliament is vacant, or at a general election, there is no want of candidates; there is in general indeed a superabundance of candidates, who, each and all, are willing to expend thousands to realise the object of their ambition. And yet a seat in Parliament will not restore to them a fraction of the money they have spent to obtain it; nay, it has a tendency to add considerably to their expenditure, as their rank in life has been elevated. Why, then, are so many gentlemen so intensely anxious to become members of the legislature? Why do they sacrifice so much even for the bare chance of securing their election? The principle which we are considering answers these questions most satisfactorily. The honour, dignity, and eminence, that necessarily result to a man from holding this high rank, form a sufficient motive and a sufficient compensation. It sheds a lustre over his own character, and is honourable to his family and relations.

This principle is of most extensive application, and explains many circumstances in civil society that otherwise would appear inexplicable and absurd. The most respectable individuals are not only willing, but most ambitious, to become members of the Town Councils of our burghs—of this city, for example—not only without any pecuniary reward, but solely on account of the eminence and dignity it confers on them, in the eyes of their fellow-citizens and the public. It is not, says Dr M., too much to state, that, in this city, our town councillors, who are almost all either lawyers, or merchants,

or tradesmen, and whose time therefore is most valuable, devote a sixth part of that time to public business; their only reward consisting in the importance and honour which officially attach to them. Now, this reward, however fanciful it may sometimes be—this principle which we have been illustrating, is not to be despised. On the contrary, it ought rather to be cherished as to ourselves, and encouraged and applauded on the part of others. It is implanted in our breast by an all-wise Creator for important purposes; and while it is the source of great happiness to ourselves, it is essential to the public service, and forms a most essential element in the mechanism of civil society.

As honour and dignity constitute a great part of the wages or reward of many professions, so discredit or disgrace has the contrary effect. This was illustrated by many instances. The most detestable of all trades, that of the common hangman, is, in proportion to the work done, better paid than any other trade whatever. The pay is greater to compensate for the disgrace.

II. The wages of labour vary with the easiness and cheapness, or the difficulty and expense, of learning the business: this is evident. A scavenger and a shepherd, for instance, serve no apprenticeship, but receive a certain rate of wages from the moment they are employed. Their wages, however, will be low, inasmuch as they have lost no time, and incurred no expense, in learning their business. Not so with the man who has served a long apprenticeship; his wages must be such as will include a sufficient remuneration for the time he has lost, and the expense he has incurred, in his education. The more time or money, or both, that it requires to learn a profession, the higher must be the wages received from it. The education of painters and sculptors, of lawyers and physicians, is both tedious and expensive; and hence their wages or pecuniary recompense must be, as it is, proportionally high; else there would be a deficiency of hands in these professions (which would soon raise wages), or the professions would disappear altogether.

III. The wages of labour in different employments vary with the constancy or inconstancy of employment. There are many kinds of business in which there is necessarily great inconstancy: such as that of masons, medical practitioners, advocates. These persons can never expect, from obvious reasons, to be employed regularly every day of the year, and they never are so employed; consequently their wages must be proportionally higher, and sufficient not only to pay them when they are employed, but to compensate them for the time during which they are destined to remain idle. This principle is directly applicable to very many professions. Every man, in truth, that follows a profession which is necessarily attended with precarious and inconstant employment, must be paid as much for the time during which he is engaged as for the time—often a very anxious time—during which he is doomed to go idle. Suppose, says the lecturer, that I am a dentist, which is a profession that requires most expensive training, and to excel in which is the result of great dexterity and skill. You come to me to have a tooth extracted, for which I charge half-a-guinea. Without thinking on the real principle upon which I charge this apparently large sum, you grudge it, and say that it was certainly most easily won. You would be right, if I could be employed in pulling teeth every hour of the day and every day in the year. But such is necessarily not the case. I follow a profession, employment in which is most inconstant and precarious. I do not, on an average, draw perhaps two teeth, certainly not more than three teeth, a-day, and the half-guinea I charge from each customer is not more than a bare compensation, both for the time I am employed and for the time I am idle, not to speak of the anxiety and despondency that attend such idleness and such inconstancy of employment.

The same principle was illustrated by a minute analysis of the professions of lawyers, physicians, painters, sculptors, porters, and so forth. A lawyer follows a profession that requires a most expensive training, and to enter which involves great fees, as also a yearly tax of £10 to government for practising; circumstances that necessarily make the wages of a writer high. But these wages are high from another cause, namely, the inconstancy and precariousness of the employment. You pay a writer 6s. 8d. for writing a letter, and £5 for making your will. You grudge the payment, and say that the letter might have been written for 1s. or for nothing, and that the will was dear enough at half-a-guinea. But this opinion is erroneous. If, like a smith or a carpenter, a writer was regularly employed six or eight hours a-day in writing letters and drawing out wills, his pay (if the profession were free) would not be the half, perhaps not a fourth, of what it now is. But as, on the contrary, he is not employed the half, perhaps not the fourth, of the day, and runs a risk of being idle altogether, his wages must necessarily be so high as not only to remunerate him for the time he is employed, but also for the time he is compelled to be idle; as well as to cover the expense of his training, and the payment of his yearly tax of £10. By keeping these views before you, you will pay your writer as cheerfully as you pay your baker or butcher.

IV. The wages of labour vary according to the small or great trust reposed in the workmen. A writer's clerk, who merely copies letters, is comparatively poorly paid; but make him book-keeper, or a copier of wills, and important documents on stamp paper, his wages are doubled or trebled, owing to the greater trust reposed in him. We trust our health to the physician—our fortune to the lawyer; and their wages must be high to compensate for this trust; to make them worthy of it; to raise their condition and standard of character and respectability.

V. And, lastly, the wages of labour in different employments, vary according to the probability or improbability of success in them. The probability of success in different professions, varies immensely. Put your son an apprentice to a shoemaker, and you may be sure that he will become a fair, if not a superior tradesman. But put him to study painting or the law, and it is nearly twenty to one if ever he make such proficiency as will enable him to live by his business. Now, if twenty fail

for one that succeeds, that one ought to receive the retribution not only of his own education, but of that of the unsuccessful twenty. Yet, the liberal professions, such as those of the law or painting, are generally overcrowded, and for the following reasons; success in them, as so few succeed, is very honourable; and every person has confidence both in his own talents and good fortune. Every man *hopes* to succeed. "The overweening conceit," says Dr Smith, "which the greater part of men have of their own abilities, is an ancient evil remarked by the philosophers and moralists of all ages. Their absurd presumption in their own good fortune has been less taken notice of. It is, however, if possible, still more universal, and forms the only or chief reason why men choose professions as the soldier, the lawyer, the painter, in which the chance of great success, even of ordinary success, is against them."

A CLERICAL HUMORIST.

[The following anecdotes of a Scottish ecclesiastical humorist are from the second series of "The Laird of Logan, or Wit of the West," a collection of original jests, to which we alluded a few weeks ago.]

MR THOM OF GOVAN.

The Rev. Mr. Thom, minister of the parish of Govan, was alike distinguished for his shrewd sense, his sarcastic wit, and his ultra Whig principles. On days of national fasting, during the American war, Mr. Thom found fitting occasions for the expression of his political opinions. His church being in the vicinity of Glasgow, his well-known peculiarities generally attracted large audiences on these occasions. It is told of him, that on the day appointed for public national thanksgiving at the termination of the American war, he commenced his sermon after the following fashion:—"My friends, we are commanded by royal authority to meet this day for the purpose of public thanksgiving. Now, I should like to know what it is we are to give thanks for. Is it for the loss of thirteen provinces? Is it for the slaughter of so many thousands of our countrymen? Is it for so many millions of increased national debt?" Looking round upon his hearers, whose risibility had been excited, he addressed them thus: "I see, my friends, you are all laughing at me, and I am not surprised at it; for were I not standing where I am, I would be laughing myself."

BALANCE OF EVILS.

Mr. Thom was appointed by the Presbytery to assist at the induction of a young clergyman, of whose talents he had a very mean opinion. Returning late in the evening, he met an aged member of his own session, near the entry to the manse, who inquired for his minister, and "What he had been?" Mr. T. explained. "An' did you ride your poor mare a' the way and back again? you'll tell the trusty beast?" "An' if it should, John, it's only feeling as brute by setting anither."

CRITERION OF TASTE.

Mr. Thom was requested to preach a sermon in the Tron Church of Glasgow, on some very particular occasion, and he brought about half-a-dozen manuscript sermons in his pocket, uncertain, as he said, which would best suit a Glasgow audience. He thought if he had the opinion of a few friends, it might serve as a key to the taste of the Glaswegians. He accordingly asked a few acquaintances to join him in a pipe and tankard of ale in a favourite hauf. "I'm invited to preach a sermon to you great folks in Glasgow," said he; "and really, I maun after this think myself a man of some consequence, when I have had such an honour conferred on me. But as I'm ignorant of what will please your wonderful nices preaching palates in this big town, I have brought a few sermons with me, which I'll read over to you, that I may judge which will be the most suitable." He read over one by one, accordingly, until he came to the last, and with each they were equally well pleased; taking it up, he proceeded until he came to a passage that fairly grieved his auditors. "Stop," said they; "read that passage over again, Mr. Thom." "Wait a wee till I get to the end," said Mr. Thom, and he continued until another halt was called for explanation. "I'll no tax your patience any longer," said the orator; "this will suit ye exactly; for you Glasgow folks admire most what ye least understand."

A MIS-DEAL.

Mr. Thom had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards were wrapped up in it; the whole pack was scattered over the breast of the gallery. Mr. Thom could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage. "Oh, man, man! surely your psalm-book has been ill-lund!"

ANIMAL HEAT.

The source of heat in the animal frame is still imperfectly known to physiologists. That the blood is the medium by which heat is transmitted through the body is obvious, but the means by which the temperature of the blood itself is maintained are not so apparent. Most inquirers into the subject agree in the belief that the renewal of the vital caloric is the consequence of certain changes effected by the air on the blood in the lungs. The question naturally follows, what are these changes, and is any of them generative of heat, or necessarily attended with its evolution? The blood is changed from a dark red to a bright red hue, by contact with the atmospheric air in the lungs. We have a clue to the chemical action which produces this alteration of colour, in the fact that the blood gives out at the same time carbon—a substance extremely dark, indeed jet-black, in hue. A chemical union between the carbon of the (venous) blood and the oxygen of the air takes place, by which carbonic acid gas is formed, and expelled from the lungs in expiration. This is proved by actual examination of the expired air. Now, this formation of carbonic acid goes on continually, and as it is a process generally accompanied with the evolution of caloric, it has been supposed, and with much probability, that this is the chief source from which the supply of animal heat is derived. If this conclusion be correct, how striking an example does it exhibit to us of the wonderful economy of means every where apparent in the works of nature! The very process of removing the noxious refuse of the body—for such is the character of the carbon—is made the means at the same time of preserving and renewing the warmth indispensable to life!

Other conjectures, by no means devoid of probability, have been brought forward to account for the maintenance of animal heat. The late Dr Fletcher bases an ingenious theory upon the fact that a certain portion of the oxygen gas of the air is absorbed into the blood. The conversion of a gas from the æthereal to the liquid state is accompanied with the evolution of caloric, and on this chemical law he connects the origin of animal heat to depend. A strong objection to this theory is, that we have no proof of the conversion of the oxygen received into the blood from the gaseous to the liquid state. Simple absorption does not imply this, and though the oxygen probably is the agent in some chemical change in the blood, what it is we do not know. In short, the theory still builds so far upon conjecture, whereas the formation of carbonic acid, upon which the former supposition is

founded, is a plain and demonstrable fact. When the reader is informed besides, that forty thousand cubic inches of carbonic acid, which contain nearly twelve ounces of carbon, are formed in the twenty-four hours, he will see at once that the process is carried on upon a scale sufficient to account for the generation of a very large quantity of heat. In the present state of our knowledge, this certainly is the preferable view.

IMPROVED LOOM.

Some time ago, we observed a notice of a very considerable improvement being made upon the construction of looms (not that of Jacquard), for which a patent had been obtained by a manufacturing house at Leeds. The inventor is a Mr. C. W. Schönherr, of Schneberg, in Saxony. It is mentioned that this loom is likely, from the simplicity of its construction, and the correctness of the principles on which it is based, to overcome all the obstacles with which weaving has hitherto had to contend, and to approximate this art much nearer to the degree of perfection already attained by the sister art of spinning. All kinds of goods, from ribbons to broadcloths, not excluding even silk and linen (which have as yet but very partially been woven by power), can with very great advantage be manufactured by it. The chief merits consist in—1st, the steadiness, gentleness, regularity, and certainty of the movements, there being (to use a homely phrase) so much less *tensing* of the warp, and consequently a much better article is produced. 2d, In the saving of power, as one man will suffice to turn from five to ten six-quarter looms, according as the work is heavy or light. The six-quarter loom now in work he turns with his finger and thumb. 3d, In the saving of expense, as neither the original outlay nor repairing, independent of the patent right, will cost much above half the price of the present power-loom. About a score of eminent power-loom manufacturers, machine-makers, and mechanics from Manchester, Bradford, and this neighbourhood, have seen this loom, and all unite in expressing their astonishment at the simplicity and originality which characterise the invention, and at its superior fitness for light and fine fabrics. As to its applicability in equal perfection to lower and heavier qualities, some of them expressed doubts, but the experience of the inventor warrants him in asserting that it is equally applicable to them. The points of invention (fifteen in number) are not improvements on the principles of the old power-loom, but are entirely original; indeed this loom has little or nothing in common with the old one. Besides the loom, there is a sizing machine included in the patent, which, by enabling each thread of any kind of yarn to be sized and dried separately, will contribute very materially (as is well known to the manufacturers) to the production of a superior article.

THE WREN'S NEST.

[From the new and cheap edition of Wordsworth, at present issuing in monthly volumes by Moxon, London. The delicate humanities that fill the mind of this great poet are conspicuous in the following beautiful verses. Nature is herself a moralist, and Wordsworth is one of her high-priests.]

Among the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

No door the tempest requires,
And seldom needs a labourer's roof;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful within,
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the Kind by special grace
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess,
The hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

These find, "mid ivied stilling-walls,
A canopy in some abey nook;
Others are pent-housed by a braid
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird her mate
Warbles by its low clear song;
And by the busy streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,
Where, till the flitting bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
There is a better and a best;
And, among fairest objects, some
Are fatter than the rest;

This, one of those small builders proved
In a green covert, where, from out
The forehead of a pollard oak,
The leafy antlers sprout;

For she who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,
And fixed an infant's span above
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show
To some whose minds without disdain
Can turn to little things; but once
Looked up for it in vain:

'Tis gone—a ruthless spoiler's prey,
Who needs not beauty, love, or song,
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieve
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
In clearer light the moss-built cell,
I saw, espied its shaded mouth;
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread!
The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus, for purposes benign,
A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb
Thy quiet with no ill intent,
Secure from evil eyes and hands
On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, Mother-bird! and when thy young
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
When withered is the guardian Flower,
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
Amid the unveiled grove
Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft
In foresight, or in love.

ARCHITECTURAL ABSURDITIES.

Architects, in drawing plans of public edifices, appear to neglect a most essential rule of their profession, namely, the avoidance of resemblances to vulgar objects. The public feelings are keenly alive to these instances of short-sightedness. In Edinburgh, for example, one structure resembles an upright chimney, another, a four-footed stool overturned, with its feet reared in the air; a third, a pillar with a wine-box stuck on the top of it, and so on. The same error of taste prevails in London, where even royal palaces are not exempted, as the following squibs, originally published in a metropolitan paper, will testify.—Extract of a letter addressed by a French architect in London to his friend in Paris:—"My dear Sir, I shall now give you some accounts of the royal palace, here called the Buckingham Palace, which building for de English king, in de spirit of John Bull plum-pudding and roast-beef taste, for which de English are so famous, is great curiosity. In de first place, the pillar of de palace is made to represent English vegetable, as de sparrowgrass, de beehive, and onion; then de entablatures or friezes are very much enriched with leg of mutton, and de pork, with vat they call garnish, all very beautiful carved: then, on de impediment, the front, stand colossal figure of man-cook with de large English toast-fork in his hand, ready to put into de pot a large plum-pudding behind him, which is a very fine pudding, de colour of black Christmas pudding, because de architect is de would not look well in summer time: it is very plain pudding. Then de small windows of de kitchen on each side de impediment at top story of de palace, have before them trophy of de kitchen such as pot, and de pan, and othare thing, which look well at distance, except that de poker and de tong are too big. On wing of de palace, called de gizzard wing (de othare wing was off), stand de domestic servant, in neat dress, holding in trays biscuit and tart, and othare thing. The name of de architect is Mistaire Hash, de king's architect, who, I was informed, was roasted very much (de term I did not comprehend). In English people seem very much to like this palace for de king and de laugh very much. There is to be in de front of de palace a very large kitchen range, made of white marble, which I was told would contain von hundred of goose at von time. De palace complete will be called after von famous English dish, de Turn-in-de-Hole."

SCHILLER'S PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

The following translation of Schiller's poem entitled "The Partition of the Earth," appeared in a provincial periodical a few years ago:—

"Here! take this world," cried Jove, from his high throne,
Addressing man; "the earthly sphere be thine;
I grant it thee, a free pecuniary loan;
Divide it—brother-feeling mark the line."

All hasten'd to establish each his claim,
Busy both young and old adducers strove;
The farmer tried to seize the fields of grain,
The noble's son in forest chase to rove.

Whate'er his warehouse holds, the merchant sweeps;
The abbot chooses rare and costly wine;
Kings' battlements the bridges; and the streets,
With voice-potential, cry, "The tenth is mine."

The spoil all meted out—alas! too late
Arrives the poet from some distant place;
"Ah! nothing left: how luckless is my fate!
Each worldly chattel coddled his master trace."

"Woe's me! shall I alone of all be sent
Unportioned from thee? I, thy trusty son?"
Thus ventured he his loud complaint to vent,
And prostrate fell before the heav'nly throne.

"If in the land of dreams thou didst delay,
Pursued the god, 'bold mortal, blame not me;
Where wert thou on the world-division day?"
The poet answered, "Lord, I was with thee!"

"Mine eye was darting on thy godly sight,
Mine ear on thy celestial harmony;
Pardon that spirit, which, with thy rich light
Inebriate, forfeits all its chance, through thee."

"What remedy is left? The world is giving
Nor harvest, chase, nor commerce flows from me.
If thou dost wish to breathe the air of heaven,
As oft thou com'st, so oft shalt welcome be."

* This idea is probably taken from the circumstance of the priests to most towns in Germany being the places where the tithes are levied.

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